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THE NEW

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The Week-end Review

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THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION—The Week-end Review. *Incorporating The New Statesman, The Nation and Athenaeum, Week-end Review.*

ATROCITIES have been intensified this week in the Mediterranean. The Spanish Government's offer to revoke their recent, reluctant decision to retaliate in kind for air raids on open cities was answered by the rebels with a ruthless bomb attack on Barcelona, where there were more than a thousand civilian casualties—including most of the inmates of an infants' home. M. Chautemps has announced that the French Government has "opened conversations to secure the co-operation of other Powers" in an attempt to suppress by agreement this particular form of war by terrorism, and Mr. Eden told the House of Commons on Wednesday that he had long been at work preparing the ground for an international agreement to refrain from all air bombing. The alternative, he remarked, was a return to the days of cave-dwelling. It is a pity that this was not realised by Sir John Simon and Lord Londonderry during the Disarmament Conference. The brutal truth is that no anti-bombing agreement will be any good except as part of a scheme of disarmament.

Piracy Again

The British Government meanwhile is pre-occupied with the renewal of another form of atrocity—piracy in the Mediterranean. On Monday the British collier *Endymion* was torpedoed on the high seas, sixteen miles off Cartagena and sank with the loss of ten lives, including that of the Swedish non-intervention control officer. The assailant appears to have been one of the two Italian submarines which, according to the Spanish Government, have been seconded (together with four mine-laying destroyers) for service under the rebel flag. For reasons unexplained the patrols operating under the Nyon Agreement were reduced in strength at the end of December. The torpedoing of the *Endymion*, following the sinking of the Dutch ship *Hannah*, 47 miles off Valencia, on January 11th, calls for the strongest possible reinforcement of the patrols. Presumably for this purpose there was a renewed conference of the Nyon Powers in London on Wednesday. But the Nyon Powers include Italy.

Marking Time at Geneva

This week's proceedings of the League have been unimpressive and based largely on the principle that what cannot be mended had better be adjourned. The Council was saved for the moment from the embarrassing task of aiding the Rumanian Jews (an account of whose bestial persecution is given on a later page by one of the most distinguished British correspondents in Central Europe) by the Secretary-General's decision that ordinary, not urgency procedure should be applied to the Jewish petitions presented to the League. These will be communicated to M. Goga for his observations, which will eventually be considered by a Committee of Three. In the case of China, the Council firmly negatived as impracticable any question of applying sanctions against Japan or even of imposing an embargo on oil supplies.

The resolution eventually adopted, expressing the hope that means may be found to bring about a cessation of hostilities, is for all practical purposes meaningless. Along the line of the Tientsin-Nanking railway the struggle is left to continue. As for reform of the Covenant, the Committee of Twenty-eight has heard the views of the various members—stalwart defence of Article XVI from Russia, France, Spain, Czechoslovakia and China; proposals sponsored by Sweden and Holland, and supported with qualifications by Poland and Switzerland, that application of the Article should be optional. Summing up, Lord Cranborne intimated vaguely the British Government's desire to support the League principle, and the Committee decided to forward the declarations, without comment, to the Assembly next September. The real point of interest in the meetings at Geneva is the question whether the insistent menace of Fascist aggression and the hopelessness at present of collective League action have drawn Britain, France and Russia more closely into an *entente*, or not.

Germany, 1933-38

Europe has watched Germany celebrating the Third Reich's fifth birthday with mingled feelings of admiration, revulsion and fear. In certain respects the achievement of the Nazi régime is impressive. It has practically eliminated unemployment and created an economy whose progress towards *autarkie* is technically a monument to national ingenuity and hard work. But at what price and for what purposes? In the intensive drive for war-preparedness standards of living and nutrition have been ruthlessly sacrificed, development and maintenance of railways and industrial equipment not essential for strategic purposes have been starved, the normal channels of capital investment have been distorted and a mountain of internal State indebtedness piled up. Economically, there are heavy debit items in the Nazi five-year's balance-sheet; and politically the price has been the utter destruction of almost every attribute of civilised life. Is Germany a nation sufficiently united in a chosen task of aggrandisement which is to culminate in the exercise of European hegemony? It is difficult to say. Hitler is not assassinated; on the contrary, he can still be presented as the embodiment of the nation's will. Yet there are frictions: rumour has it that the sudden decision not to call the Reichstag to celebrate the anniversary was due to Hitler's disinclination to make a public speech until he had composed differences which are said to have come to a head between the "moderates"—Dr. Schacht, the Reichswehr Generals and the big industrialists—and the "extremists" headed by Himmler and Goebbels, with Goering in a mid-way position. General Blomberg's plebeian marriage seems merely to have brought to a head his colleagues' distrust of him as a "political" general.

America's Naval Programme

The main item in President Roosevelt's Defence Message to Congress was the programme of naval expansion outlined. The Administration proposes to proceed with construction of 47 additional vessels (3 battleships, 2 aircraft carriers, 8 cruisers, 25 destroyers and 9 submarines), together with 1,000 new naval 'planes. The final cost of this programme is put at £160,000,000; but as only £8,000,000 will actually be expended, according to present plans, in the current year the immediate stimulus to America's depressed "heavy" industries will be slight. There are, however, two possibilities. First, having regard to the unemployment problem, either the Administration or Congress may decide to accelerate the building schedule. Secondly, now that the Big Navy partisans have won the day, there may be strong pressure for a further supplementary programme. Addressing the Naval Committee of the Lower House on Tuesday, Admiral Leahy, Chief of Naval Operations, declared that even with the proposed additions the U.S. Navy would be inadequate to defend simultaneously both the Atlantic and Pacific coasts, and that if operations far afield were involved—e.g., in the Far East or in defence of South America—a navy three times the present size would be required.

The French Labour Code

The elaborate Labour Code designed to consolidate the rights won for the French workers by the People's Front is now before the Labour Committee of the Chamber. As yet it is engaged in the preliminary work of listening to the explanations of Ministers. It will then hear deputations from the Trade Unions and the employers' organisation; the main business of debating the text will not be reached before February 15th, and may last for weeks or months. Six chapters have to be considered, covering the engagement and dismissal of men, the choice of shop-stewards, strikes, collective contracts, conciliation and arbitration and the work of the labour exchanges. A broadcast by M. Giguoux on behalf of the employers began very gently by bowing to the general principles of the Code, but went on to attack the provisions for shop-committees, and claimed in effect the right of the employer to run his business in his own way, and in particular to dismiss "agitators." Labour critics ask for the insertion of the principle of the sliding scale, linking wages with the cost of living, and for the extension of the Code to agricultural workers. A still more serious criticism is that the lock-out is not subjected to restrictions comparable to those that limit strikes. The Chamber will doubtless legislate in the spirit of the People's Front, but it has to deal first of all with a Ministry that is before all else the guardian of the franc, and its Bill must then face a hostile Senate.

The Greek Dictatorship

That the Fascist dictatorship under which Greece is governed entered last week on a new phase of ruthlessness—so much is known; the details we must guess. The one undoubted fact is that almost all the party leaders of any eminence, several former Prime Ministers among them, have been exiled to the islands. General Metaxas makes a solitude and calls it order. In a furious and rhetorical rescript he denounced his opponents for combining to destroy his work of civilisation. But the press is not allowed to disclose the names of these "traitors," nor their supposed offence, and the general public cannot yet know what the boasted intensification of the dictatorship involves. No foreign newspapers from democratic countries are admitted. Probably what the exiles contemplated was a combined appeal to the King. Rumour now plays with the prediction that the King, relying on the support of the army, may intervene to upset the dictator and restore the constitution. That seems to us a

slender hope. Italians used to look in the same helpless way to the Palace. The King has hitherto given no proof of character. If he had had any intention of asserting himself he should have done it before all the political leaders who could claim the confidence of the electorate were bundled out of the way. They are said to be in no danger or discomfort on their island. The real victims of the dictator are the leading Socialists and Communists, about a thousand persons, interned on the Nazi model in concentration camps.

An Empire Proletariat

The conditions revealed by the Report of the Royal Commission on last year's riots in Trinidad were known and have long called for remedial action. Given a population of 440,000, concentrated in a small island at a density of nearly 240 to the square mile, owning little land of their own and dependent on wages, the usual results of creating an abjectly poor proletariat were to be expected; perhaps also employers who accepted it as a matter of course that their workers should be content with a level of wages and consequent standards of living unfit for human beings. As usual, it takes a riot to secure any attention; and inevitably the trouble is attributed to an "agitator," the "fanatic" Uriah Butler. Yet the scandals of wages, health and housing provoked spontaneous expressions of indignation from those in authority, for which the Governor and the Acting Colonial Secretary have been expressly censured. These must not be scapegoats for a situation for which they were in no way responsible. It must be remembered also that if, as the Commission believes, the resources of Trinidad are quite sufficient to meet the remedial measures now suggested, Trinidad is exceptional in having valuable oil and pitch. Conditions in Barbados, St. Lucia, St. Vincent, even in parts of Jamaica, are such as may any day produce explosions there also, and their poverty makes improvement no less urgent though more difficult.

The Coalowners are Winning?

Are the Coalowners going to be allowed to win again? It now looks unlikely that Part II of the Coal Mines Bill will ever get on the statute book in any workable shape. The coalowners' lobby has been exceedingly successful in stirring up the Tory back-benchers in the House of Commons as well as in the House of Lords; and the Order Paper is already bespattered with ingenious wrecking amendments. For example, one amendment proposes to prevent any scheme of compulsory amalgamation from becoming operative unless an actual decision in its favour is given by both Houses of Parliament, while another proposal is that every scheme should require to be embodied in a private Bill. Either of these procedures would, of course, destroy Part II; who can imagine the House of Lords approving any amalgamation which the coalowners disliked? Moreover, it seems pretty clear that the Government is not agreed about its own measure. Mr. Stanley, the President of the Board of Trade, has taken the line of declaring that all the safeguards for the coalowners contained in the Act of 1930 are also in the present Bill—which, if true, means that the Bill, or rather Part II, is no manner of use even as it stands. It will almost certainly be true—before the Bill gets through, unless indeed the Government drops Part II altogether. The coalowners are expecting once again to get monopolistic powers without conceding anything in return.

The Price of Food

The Liberal Party presented on Wednesday its cost of living petition, bearing three-quarters of a million signatures, and said to be the second largest petition ever presented to Parliament. There has been a good deal of public controversy over the right of the Liberals to canvass hospital staffs for signatures, on the ground that the effect is to "bring the hospitals into politics." No doubt the Liberals, like other Parties, have every intention of making all the party capital they can out of the petition they have organised. But probably the majority of those who signed it did so, not as Liberals, but as persons concerned over the state of nutrition in this country, and realising that the nutrition problem is in the main the same at bottom as the problem of purchasing power. If we want the poorest third of the population to consume a diet even barely adequate for complete health, we must either increase the incomes of this third, or reduce food prices within their present means—or, of course, do both to a smaller extent. A general fall in wholesale prices of primary foodstuffs would, however, set up very awkward repercussions—save to the extent to which it could be achieved by lowering tariffs or enlarging quotas, with measures, where necessary, to prevent hardship to home producers. If food prices are to be reduced, the main line of attack must be on the wastes in distribution, and especially on the growing control of monopolistic combines.

The Owen Affair

The "Owen Case," which after seven years of anxiety behind the scenes has just cost Oxford University £70,000, raises an important legal point. Undoubtedly the Ministry of Agriculture, which financed the Institute for Research in Agricultural Engineering—Owen's department—was fully as responsible as the University for any damages arising out of Owen's fraudulent abuse of his position of trust. But at law the Ministry is a privileged body representing the Crown: it cannot be sued in such a case. Accordingly, the other possible defendant—Owen's partner in the company through which he operated his frauds—being dead, the University was left as sole bearer of the cost. Owen had come to the Institute after years of employment by the Ministry, and apparently on its recommendation. For his own part in the affair he was sent to prison; but his imprisonment did not dispose of the civil claims, which came to three-quarters of a million. The legal position was very uncertain; and after seven years' negotiation the University has settled for £70,000 rather than face an extremely expensive action. Is there a moral? It is easy to say that the University ought to have known that Owen was a crook, and not appointed him, even with the Ministry's approval. But is it always possible to recognise crooks at sight? There is more in the view that, when Owen had been appointed, his proceedings ought to have been more closely watched—but that applies to the Ministry as well as the University. The Ministry should in equity go halves over the damages.

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EUROPE'S DEADLOCK

WHATEVER the precise nature of the little troubles which this week marred the expected spectacular celebration of five years of Nazi rule, they evidently arise from a mixture of political and economic causes. General von Blomberg and Dr. Schacht both have bones to pick with Herr Hitler's satellites; but while the one doubtless stresses the political and the other the economic factors, the root trouble is neither political nor economic, but both at once. Germany's political policy leads straight towards *autarkie*, under the Four Year Plans; but equally *autarkie*, by impoverishing the people and putting German capitalism in a strait-jacket, leads directly to the demand for colonial expansion and predatory war.

M. van Zeeland, who made his long-delayed report on the means of international economic appeasement only last week, was given by Britain and France the impossible task of proposing economic remedies for Europe's distresses without putting forward political remedies as well. He was set to talk about tariffs and quotas and foreign exchange controls and international loans and other like matters, without being given any mandate to deal with the political causes which underlie the impoverishing absurdities of present international economic relations. Unavoidably, he failed to keep within his terms of reference; who could possibly talk about loans to Germany or Italy without at any rate considering whether the proceeds were destined to be spent on guns or butter, or discuss the likelihood of an international economic pact without reference to disarmament or to possible lines of accommodation upon Germany's colonial claims? M. van Zeeland has been very discreet, as he was bound to be if his report was not to be denounced out of hand by one or another of the countries concerned; but between the lines appears again and again the knowledge that there can be no real economic accommodation without political appeasement—at all events, none that would not involve an actual strengthening of the forces of Fascist aggression.

Since the van Zeeland Report appeared, Berlin and Rome have both been careful not to commit themselves. That means that, in the opinion of the Fascist leaders, there may be something in it, from their point of view. Their line is to pour cold water, but not enough to extinguish the spark—and thereafter either to pour more, or to claim great credit for not pouring more, as the course of events may determine. The attraction, of course, from the Nazi and Fascist standpoint, is the contingent possibility of getting financial help from Great Britain and the United States. M. van Zeeland holds out the hope of a funding of existing debts, on a basis which would take account of the financial position of the debtors, and beyond this of an international credit to be opened with the Bank for International Settlements, and perhaps even a straight international loan. Such help would be worth a great deal to Fascist States, which are struggling with more and more pressing internal difficulties as a result of grossly inflated expenditure on preparation for war. But how high a price—a political price—would have to be paid for such help? That the Fascist leaders do not know; and until they know they will go on hoping that the League Powers and America will be ready to take fair words and promises for performances, and to try out credits in such ways that they can after all be spent on guns instead of butter, or at all events, so as to release for guns other money which would otherwise have to be spent on feeding the people.

M. van Zeeland's most tactful way of referring to the political aspects of the problem of economic reorganisation is by saying that, if his projects were put into effect, "guarantees would have to be provided" to meet "the preoccupations of those who fear to see the financial assistance, the credit facilities, or the facilities for obtaining supplies . . . diverted from their object to serve warlike ends." But what guarantees of this sort could be effective, save an actual undertaking to reduce armaments, accompanied by complete withdrawal from Spain, the denunciation of the Anti-Communist Pact with Japan, and complete reversal of Germany's declared policy in Austria and Czechoslovakia—to say nothing of Russia? There are doubtless financiers, with money tied up in Germany or with powerful interests in a revival of German trade, who would support loans to Germany even in the absence of any political guarantees. There are even disinterested persons who would still approve credits to Germany (but hardly Italy, which is increasingly "unfriendly" and increasingly desperate financially) as a "generous gesture," in the hope that Herr Hitler might be induced to experience a change of heart. And there are many others who, reluctant to give the impression of starving the German people, would willingly lend Germany the means to buy butter, despite the Nazi regime, if they could be convinced that the butter would not be somehow magically converted into non-ferrous metals and other ingredients in the hell-broth of war preparation.

Similarly, there are many who favour, what M. van Zeeland only records without inclusion in his recommendations, such proposals as the full internationalisation of the mandatory system, the extension of the Congo Basin Convention to ensure the open door without discrimination in all colonial territories, and other measures for meeting what is legitimate in German colonial claims. There are many who favour such things on their merits, and not merely as possible elements in a bargain with Germany and her allies. But it is one thing to be ready to internationalise colonial trade, and quite another to propose making Germany a partner in colonial exploitation without some assurance that the countries which participate in international mandates accept in some real sense the obligation to govern in accordance with native rights and interests. It is one thing to stand for international mandates and the open door; and quite a different thing to be prepared to join in a capitalist international syndicate for the unrestricted exploitation of colonial peoples and territories.

Nevertheless, some will argue that the situation is so bad that almost any change, other than actual war, would be for the better. They will point to the many proposals made by M. van Zeeland which are, beyond all peradventure, good in themselves—such as the calling of a halt to further measures of economic nationalism—and to others which many will regard as good—such as the tentative steps suggested in the direction of currency stabilisation. But clearly there is not the smallest chance that the Fascist States will accept—or be able to accept—proposals of these types unless they are bribed very heavily to accept them; and that brings the whole question back to the point about effective political guarantees.

If the German and Italian Governments would show themselves ready to call a halt to war policies and to co-operate peacefully with their neighbours, then gladly would most of us offer all the political and economic concessions any reasonable person can suggest—all that M. van Zeeland has proposed, and then more. We would do this, even if Germany and Italy continued under their odious internal political regimes. Countries' internal governments must be reckoned their own affair; and, as long as they do not menace others, their domestic barbarities ought not to prevent us from collaborating with them in economic matters. But can Fascism become internationally rational and law-abiding, without ceasing to be Fascism at home as well? Can the devotees of *sacro egoismo* really ever bind themselves by any international obligations at all?

M. van Zeeland proposes a Five-Power exploratory conference—Great Britain, France, Germany, Italy, and the United States—to consider his report, and try to find a common basis for action. Should Great Britain go into such a conference? The answer is complicated by doubts about the British Government's policy. If we had a Government loyal to the League idea, of course it should go—and make its League faith the basis of its entire attitude. But if the "National" Government goes, with what voice will it speak? The League's—or the discordant chorus of craven isolationists, financiers interested in German investments, Russophobe fanatics, and sneaking sympathisers with Fascist ideology? There is so much danger that these latter attitudes will predominate that, if there is likely to be a conference, public opinion must plainly assert well in advance that it will stand for no loans to Fascism without firm guarantees that they will not be diverted from butter to guns, and for no partnership in colonial enterprise that does not rest on plain assurances of respect for the interests of the colonial peoples. Above all, nothing is worth doing that does not check the armaments race and lessen the threat of war; but for those two ends almost anything is worth doing.

WHY NOT PARENTHOOD?

POPULATION probabilities and problems no longer are confined to the remote and peculiar realm of demographers' statistics: they have recently swum into the ken of the average, intelligent newspaper reader. It is now common knowledge that, given existing rates of fertility and mortality, the population of this country is approximately at its peak and will have declined to the extent of probably 2,000,000 by 1965; that the next thirty years are bound in any case to see a considerable increase in the average age of the population; and that after 1965, as the death-rate per thousand rises automatically with increasing average age, the fall in numbers of population will be rapid unless the rate of fertility recovers.

Not only so; the economists have gained the public's ear. They have pointed out that our national failure at present to maintain an "adequate" net reproduction rate (which means, roughly speaking in practice, that every girl who marries must have three children) may prove by no means an unmixed blessing even on a comparatively short-range view, quite apart from eventual (and debatable) possibilities of national extinction. They have warned the public not to expect from a static or slightly declining population an easing of the unemployment problem or an automatic improvement in the standard of life. On the contrary, they have admonished the country to remember that an ageing population may strain the taxable capacity of the active producers and will certainly involve awkward adjustments in our industrial and commercial structure, while the problems of adaptation—for example, in building and transport employment—to cope with a contracting population will be still more formidable. To these admonitions, in the press and on the air, the public has listened with respectful attention—and proceeded to decline the blessings of plentiful parenthood as firmly as ever. The quiverful, which the Victorian Age considered to be an essential ingredient to marital happiness, is no longer regarded as a welcome gift from a kindly Providence.

Why not? It is a question of importance both from the demographer's and the statesman's point of view. If reasonably correct forecasts of future fertility rates are to be made, or if it be thought socially desirable to encourage parenthood, it is essential to know what influences have worked to halve the birth rate in 60 years and are working, it appears, to keep it around 15 per 1,000, as compared with 35 per 1,000 in 1875. Are they temporary or permanent forces and, in the latter case, are they likely to grow stronger? Some light is thrown on the question by a book* just published which reprints in revised form a series of broadcast discussions on the population problem by Professor Carr-Saunders, Mr. H. D. Henderson and others. It contains a chapter in which Mr. T. H. Marshall, who acted as interlocutor in the original dialogues, analyses the letters (some 350 in all) which the B.B.C. received from listeners who sent in unsolicited comments on the discussions. Judging from 175 letters in which ascertainment of social status was possible, 33 per cent. of the writers belonged to the professional and 29 per cent. to the lower middle class. Too little weight therefore in relation to numbers of population, was given, as might be expected, in this correspondence to working-class views; but, with this qualification, the fan-mail represented a very fair cross-section of public opinion, and a large number of the writers gave reasons for desiring to avoid having numerous children or (in a few cases) for bewailing possession of them. These reasons are listed by Mr. Marshall, in descending order of frequency, as follows: (1) poverty and economic insecurity; (2) fear of war; (3) housing shortage; (4) pains of childbirth; (5) changed social position of women.

It is not germane to our purpose to argue whether these are valid causes for avoiding or limiting parenthood. The relevant point is that these are the reasons adduced. They call, however, for certain observations, some of which are made by Mr. Henderson in a later chapter in the book. First, the birth rate had begun to fall significantly long before the idea of imminent war became an obsession—if indeed it has become one in the minds of the not over-reflective majority of the population—and economic insecurity was much greater in the heyday of Victorian fertility, before the coming of health and unemployment insurance. These arguments against parenthood are either special pleading which conceals other and deeper motives or, alternatively, they point to a greatly increased sense of responsibility towards children. This sense is undoubtedly revealed by many of the letters which base the case against large families on poverty. The writers are not wholly altruistic: for example, working-class women complain bitterly of becoming worn-out wrecks at forty under the drudgery of bearing and rearing four or five children on a £3 per week income. But in numerous cases, ranging from the working class to the moderately well-off professional class, the predominant wish is not to have more children than can be given the best possible start in life—judged by the standards of the class to which they belong.

There is, however, another side to the question. Apart from the growth in the proportion of married women who—from choice or economic pressure—are gainfully occupied and therefore are unwilling or unable to devote themselves to maternity, the B.B.C. correspondence reveals the indisputable fact that public opinion is increasingly conscious of the disutility of parenthood, save on a strictly limited scale, to the parents themselves. In working-class homes social legislation has (very properly) lengthened by years the period during which the child cannot lawfully earn wages. Even in households

* The Population Problem (Allen & Unwin, 5s.).

where incomes are amply sufficient to ensure that an extra child will make no difference to the family's standard of nutrition or essential comforts, the possession of more than two children is apt to be regarded as a nuisance—involving ties, sacrifices of holidays or of marginal luxuries. A dog is much cheaper and easier to look after than a third child, and to the minds of some people, as much fun. In addition, excluding marriages in which childlessness is deliberately chosen, the idea of a neat " one or two child " family has become increasingly an accepted fashion. In comic papers and in music-hall jokes the parent of a large family has replaced the traditional mother-in-law as a figure of fun. The malicious arrows of Bergsonian laughter are directed at his ignorance or fecklessness. The notorious Canadian prize competition in fecundity was viewed in this country with very general feelings of distaste and disapproval. The whole trend of modern house-building for all classes of tenants is based on the assumption that procreative instincts (or, it may be, capabilities) have waned.

Selfishness, encouraged by the competitive lures of urban civilisation, or consideration for the welfare of children brought into the world willy-nilly?—the motives for rejecting parenthood are in most cases a mixture of the two. The consideration of what means could or should be taken to counteract them is outside the scope of this article. Clearly it is impossible now to recall from mankind the knowledge of contraceptive methods which has been won. Equally evident is it that the national disutility of a declining population is a poor argument *ad hominem;* for even if the general standard of life and security were in consequence to decline—and even this is debatable—a childless couple would be relatively better off than a large family with an identical income. People will not beget children unless they want them for their personal satisfaction, and the B.B.C. correspondence quoted makes it obvious that the majority of people to-day find fertility highly vulnerable to the law of diminishing returns. We have effectively exorcised the devil which Malthus raised to terrify our forefathers, only to create a new and somewhat intractable problem for our diminishing descendants.

AYLMER VALLANCE

A LONDON DIARY

DEMOCRACY, I thought, was not working too badly when Parliament met on Tuesday. In the little matter of the Population Statistics Bill the reasonable protest had succeeded; the Government cut out the silly powers and kept the right to acquire useful and inoffensive information. Mr. Pethick-Lawrence, replying to the chastened Sir Kingsley Wood, pointed out that out of 180 lines less than 67 were found necessary and remained. Mr. Aneurin Bevan raised a very interesting point in the discussion on Money Bill procedure: why, he asked, should private Members not be able to propose amendments involving increased expenditure? The rule to the contrary was a survival from the time when the King himself wanted to spend and M.P.s wanted to economise. Again it was good that Mr. Duff Cooper should be rebuked by Mr. Attlee for a curiously significant omission; if it be said that it was just an accident that he forgot to express regret in announcing that British sailors had been killed by Franco's pirates, I ask you to think what he would have said if they had been killed by a Red submarine. Where democracy functions to less advantage is where big business interests are involved: the Electricity Bill is again postponed, and the Coal Bill, which the owners so hate that they have advertised their hatred at the cost of many hundreds of pounds throughout the daily press, is not by any means yet law. No, not even the royalties are yet nationalised, though they were officially declared over-ripe for nationalisation, as I remember when I was at school in the days of pre-war Liberal Government.

* * *

The settlement of the Cunningham-Reid case, though a disappointment to the curiosity of the general public, must have been welcomed at Conservative headquarters. Some of the particulars that emerged were fascinating: I was especially interested by the gallant Member lending his wife the money to buy for him a £1,200 suitcase as a wedding present. But many good Tories, not only in Marylebone but in every other constituency, must be a little envious of the ingenuity with which Capt. Cunningham-Reid sought to reduce his liability to Income Tax without reducing his income. It has long been a common practice among the very rich to turn themselves into companies, but this case has brought the facts home to the Conservative electors at a time when they are still smarting under the Income Tax collector's January demands.

* * *

There is something just dirty about the attacks made upon the Basque children in this country—so dirty that I wonder that Sir Arnold Wilson, who with all his Fascist leanings is not either a fool, a Londonderry or a Douglas Jerrold, comes to mix himself up with it. What, I should like to ask him, has his Spanish Children's Repatriation Committee ever done with its expensive office and secretary and all the rest of it? Has it repatriated a single Spanish child? It is now engaged through long letters (printed in large type in the *Times*) in trying to get children sent back, not to their parents but to Franco's Spain, whether the parents are there or not. Sometimes I think the matter with Sir Arnold Wilson is just ignorance and thoughtlessness. The Basque Children's Committee has no interest in keeping children here longer than necessary. A thousand children have been sent back to their parents, which exhausts all the applications from parents. Others are to go back shortly in cases in which it is known that the parents can receive them. A considerable further number will have to stay longer because Franco has either killed their parents or is bombing them in eastern Spain. As I think of the generous history of British hospitality to the unfortunate in the past, I am proud to think that the Duchess of Atholl and her friends have maintained that tradition, and I find it hard to bear that the members of anything so mean-spirited as the Repatriation Committee have the legal right to call themselves British.

* * *

I congratulate Princess Juliana on the birth of a fine baby girl and I sympathise with her, with the Dutch army and navy and with the Dutch people in their disappointment in not having, after so much waiting, a male heir to the throne. The whole story, with its human interest, its long anticipation and tensely waiting crowds was obviously good newspaper material. Even so I think Fleet Street has never brought off a more surprising feat than this extension on so vast a scale of the monarchical feeling of the British public to the Royal Family of another country. I wondered for a time whether the papers were not overdoing it from a circulation point of view even in a week when other news was sparse. But the evidence is strongly against me. One of the London evening papers which was able to be first with the news in one of its early racing editions, actually sold 80,000 more copies than usual of this edition.

* * *

How far, I wonder, will this Japanese boycott go? I am told that clubs and societies throughout the world, controlling a membership of about 123 million people, are now pledged not to buy Japanese. On February 9th there is to be a mass poster parade in Oxford Street and already a canvass of big London shops and chain stores shows that a considerable number have stopped buying or selling all Japanese goods. Meanwhile, people who wish to help Spain have another and a new method offered them. A Spain shop has been opened at 254 Euston Road (opposite Maples) at which everything Spanish can be bought, from oranges and olive oil to pottery and dolls made by refugees in Catalonia.

* * *

A friend writes: " Curiosity sent me on Saturday night to Wembley where the finals of the table tennis championship

were being played. The last time I was there I saw part of a six-day cycle race; this spectacle was hardly less curious. In the middle of the arena was a brightly lit pen, inside that the table itself, smaller than those tanks into which divers plunge from eighty feet. Many of the ten thousand people who filled the stadium must have wondered as I did, before the start, whether we ought not to have brought our telescopes. We had allowed for the expertness of the players, but not for the excitement and variety of their performance. There was nothing left of the old pit-pat pastime of dining-rooms except in the women's final, when long defensive rallies provoked boos from the crowd. The men play a terrific game: when the new champion Vana attacked with a series of smashes, his opponent was sometimes as far as twenty feet from the table, running from side to side to make his returns. I sat watching for four hours without noticing the hardness of my seat; the idea that ping-pong is a miniature of tennis had long since vanished. What struck me about the audience as well as the players (Vana is just eighteen) was their extreme youthfulness. They made me feel old. I shall have to go this summer to a cricket match, where the blood circulates less quickly."

* * *

The first time I really learnt anything of the spy system in American industry (you can read about it in British industry of 100 years ago in J. L. Hammond's *Skilled Labourer*) was in the astonishing two volume report of the great Pittsburgh steel strike of 1919. That report was the first and last activity of the Inter-Church World Movement—like the League of Nations, a product of post-war American idealism, quickly regretted by big business. If I had not learnt then of the lengths to which American capitalists would go in spying on, lying to, double-crossing, breaking-up and murdering their workers, I should have had some difficulty in believing the story told in Leo Huberman's *The Labour Spy Racket* (Gollancz, 7*s.* 6*d.*) Actually the facts given can be accepted without reservation: most of them are taken direct from the hearings of the official Senatorial inquiry (called the La Follette Civil Liberties Committee). It is not a book to read reviews of; you've got to read it for yourself to believe it. They are the sort of facts that make people revolutionary whether they've ever heard of Marx or not.

* * *

I have been amused by a recent series of Selfridge advertisements in the *Times* and the *Manchester Guardian*. Callisthenes surrendered his pen to members of the Selfridge staff that had enjoyed a public school education. The purpose was to "give, in a nutshell, the reason why Retail Distribution has become so popular in the circles of advanced education." The dignity and excitement of the respectable business of shopkeeping were glorified in the most surprising language. "What profession," one of the public school men broke out, "what profession or calling can offer equal terms? He may take up medicine, law, teaching, he is either a success or a failure. In Retail Distribution there is unlimited scope, if not in one direction in another." Another takes a more sporting view: "What a fascinating game is this business of Retail Distribution! What fun it offers the person who looks at it not just as a necessary way of earning a weekly wage but as a great game played according to those well-learned rules of the playing-fields!" And he goes on to explain why he preferred "Retail Distribution" to the Civil Service. A third public school man writes:

> If one thinks a little, retailing is a very real, alive and gripping "profession," and well it may be termed, perhaps never before a profession, it is highly specialised where one brings into play every faculty one has been given. To those men who have been fortunate to have a good education, there is nothing else I know where every subject he has been coached in has been brought into use at one time or another. With this being such he will always be an ever-awake and useful member of the community.

Judging by the style of this extract, I think the writer, although "he was fortunate to have a good education," was wise to take up "Retail Distribution" rather than the Civil Service, Law, or above all Teaching. CRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

Our prize of 5/- for the contribution at the head of the column goes this week to M. A. Marshall.

All cuttings should be addressed to "This England," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1.

Extracts should not be sent without their context. The article or passage should be sent in full with the proposed excerpt marked.

ARISTOCRATIC RUTLAND GATE.

The only suite house in this home of Society. You can have one of the choicest West End addresses at from

38*s.* 6*d.* PER WEEK

All are front rooms as the back of the block of flats faces the town mansion and grounds of a titled lady.—Advt. in *Daily Telegraph and Morning Post.*

The general atmosphere of the homely, bright inns of Filey is delightful. There is no vulgar rowdyism, so often to be found in the public-houses of the more pretentious but more garish resorts. Men of culture and refinement love to slip in and take their honest glass amid the bracing company of the local fishermen. There is something very delightful and British about it all.—Official Guide to Filey.

Will meat-eating retard my progress with the Planchette?—Letter in *Prediction.*

"We are suffering from a very extensive slum clearance programme just now," said the Mayor.

"We have had thrust upon us by the Ministry of Health a slum clearance programme which is doing us a lot of harm. You will find throughout the town vacant spaces where property has been pulled down very greatly to the disadvantage of the tradesmen of the town.

The time has come in my opinion when a halt should be called to this slum clearance programme."—*Evening News* (North Shields).

An example of this was a wonderful performance of the *Tristan* Prelude and Liebestod, brilliantly curved in its climaxes, unforgettable for its silken anguish. —*Daily Herald.*

Londonderry Corporation decided to reconsider the decision to ban jazz on the Guildhall organ as it was injurious to the instrument. —*Sheffield Telegraph and Star.*

Mr. H. E. Underwood, of Wimbledon, who joined the Wimbledon Corporation in 1926 as flagman to the steam-roller, has been appointed mace-bearer to the Mayor of Wimbledon.—*Evening Standard.*

I wonder if it is at all possible for us to be *warned* if there is likely to be a return of the aurora borealis at any time?—Letter in the *Eastern Daily Press.*

A birch was brought into Barking Juvenile Court yesterday as a warning to a boy of 10 charged with the theft of 2*s.* 6*d.*

Alderman J. T. Sanders (chairman), who sat with two women magistrates, said to the lad:

"Have you seen one of those before? Do you know how they are used?

"You have your clothes taken off your back and we get a big, strong officer to use that to teach a boy like you what is right."

Alderman Sanders said to two 12-year-old boys fined 2*s.* 6*d.* for stealing railway tickets: "We are going to reintroduce the birch." —*News Chronicle.*

EXPERIENCED IN RUMANIA

LAST night at the house of a Rumanian friend I met two girls, medical students in the Bucharest faculty of medicine which lies at the gates of King Carol's palace of Cotroceni. They were there not by accident, but by appointment with me, although they did not know me. But I had heard of them, and wanted to hear their story at first hand. One of them was plump, thick-set, rather Nordic-German looking, with short-cropped hair and a serious manner. She was 23, and in her third year. I know her name and address, but let us call her Miss B. It will be healthier for her. The

other, Miss A., was slightly built, pretty, vivacious and self-assured—also in her third year in the faculty of medicine, aged 22. Clearly she might have had Jewish blood in her veins. As a matter of fact, both she and her friend were Jewesses. That is why I wanted to meet them—not because of some abstract interest in the Semitic race, but because I knew that Jewesses who try to study in Rumania to-day often have stories to tell. Here are the stories they told me. I authenticated them through the evidence of independent witnesses.

The stocky Miss B. said: "In our faculty there are some twenty Jewish students, male and female, out of a total of some 160. It is of course nothing new that the Jewish male students should be beaten up occasionally by the Rumanians"—she said, "Christians," but that is a sort of technical term in Rumania, the use of which in a periodical appearing in Christian England might be misunderstood—"or that we girls should be kicked or cuffed by Rumanian men on the way to lecture-room or theatre. What happened last Tuesday, however, never occurred before the installation of Rumania's new anti-Semitic government. Perhaps I was to blame. I had been kicked and hit over the head once or twice and told to drop my studies or it would be the worse for me, but I took no notice, although I was more than a little frightened. Anyway, on Tuesday I had just entered the dissecting-room when a bunch of Rumanian students came up to me and said: 'Pack up your instruments and get down to the cloakroom. You Jewish swine are going to be taught once and for all that you are not allowed in the University.' I could not resist, and did as I was told. In the cloakroom, they pushed me up against the wall and said: 'You will stay there until we are ready.' They kept me there an hour, walking up and down, swinging their sticks and canes, laughing and joking together and collecting their friends, telling them so that I could hear half, but not all, of what was just about to happen to me." Here pretty Miss A. interrupted, with burning eyes, to say: "You know, that is the worst of all—the waiting, not knowing how bad the beating is going to be. Minute after minute goes by, while one catches here a phrase and there a half-phrase, and all the time the guards are posted at the door, sticks in hand, eyeing one in sadistic anticipation." Miss B. resumed: "At last, when they were sure that the other Jewish male students and the Christian girls (who, although they often struck us, might not all have stood for this) had gone to the lecture hall or dissecting room, the leader said: 'Now let her have it, and good and hard. She's one of the worst—she's always studying here, despite our warnings.'

"Two of them seized me by the shoulders, two others by the head, and bent me double across a chair. Another flung my dress up over my shoulders, and the sixth began to bash me with all his strength across the buttocks with a police truncheon. How many strokes I got I cannot tell you—the pain of the first five was excruciating, and then I lost count. They didn't seem to hurt so much any more—I only heard the excited shouts of the thirty students or so who were looking on. It was only afterwards, when I got home and my mother told me what my excoriated behind looked like, with great swollen, blood-filled weals and broken skin, that I thought of trying to reckon up how many strokes I had been given. For days it was agony for me to sit down. My friend here can tell you what I looked like—there—and how she could feel the great ridges of the inflamed wounds even through my thick winter coat. I am finished—the Christians have got their way. I have wasted three years of my life studying the healing profession which seemed to me the only worth while one in the world, but I dare not go back. I would rather go as a servant in the wildest colony and never touch a book again in my life, than face such torture again."

Miss A. was made of sterner stuff. "I shall go back again, when my nerves are better," she said, "but I do not know how much more beating my body will stand. But what is to become of us if we cannot go through with the studies on which we have spent three years?"

"What will happen to you both if I write your stories?" I asked. "What can happen, except more physical pain, and that we must suffer anyhow if we try to finish the course, and there are three years of that ahead. They won't kill us outright, whether we talk or not. That's not the game. But I want the world to know what happens here, while you smug non-Jewish journalists come down, say everything looks normal, write a good story and go back by the Orient to Vienna or Paris. If you aren't afraid or too indifferent to write the facts, I am not afraid to tell you. On the same day that B. here was bashed, two of those Cuzist devils caught my little friend C. in a corridor. They ordered her to take down her drawers—she is a pretty girl of 24, with a lovely figure—to be bashed. But they were only two at the moment, and she was able to defend herself and escape. I wasn't so lucky. I had just started in on my dissection the same morning—we Jews of course are segregated in lecture hall and dissecting room from the Christians, and not allowed to defile a Christian corpse by dissecting it, but must get hold of Jewish bodies as best we may—when a bunch of students approached me. 'You're another *jidanca*' (filthy Jew girl), said one, to which I replied, 'No, I'm an *evreica*' (Jewess). 'That'll do,' they said, and took me down to an underground passage. Here, after a torturing period of waiting, half a dozen of the group came at me with clenched fists saying, 'This will be the last time you'll try to work among Christians.' These future tenderers of Rumania's sick and helpless had an easy time, for though I'm fit enough on skis or in the water, I have not much physical strength to resist assault. They pounded my face to a jelly, my upper lip was cut open, also my forehead, which streamed with blood, my eyes were bunged up, and still the blows rained in on me. Then I got a full-arm punch over the left breast which knocked me silly. When I came to, with my tormentors shaking me by the shoulders, I was lying in a pool of blood. More than once I had seen such pools of clotted blood on the stairs and said to myself bitterly, 'Another Jewish boy student beaten up,' but this time the victim was an *evreica*—myself. They dragged me back to the dissecting room, and flung me through the door. As I fell to the floor, a Jewish student engaged in dissecting a body took one look at my face and dropped his instruments, leaping through the first floor window. (Not very gallant, you say? Well, you are not a Jew in Rumania, or you wouldn't be so ready to criticise. I don't complain. I know what that boy has been through in the past.) Luckily a Christian attendant was for once moved by my plight, helped me on to a chair and pushed me through a window, saying anxiously, 'Be quick, for Heaven's sake, or they'll beat me for helping you.' Well, that was that. Tell the story, if you like. I'm past caring what they do to me. But I want to see if anywhere in the world there is somebody who can be roused to do something about this. If so, then I'll gladly pay the penalty."

I went to the Central Criminal Court in the hope of seeing myself the beating-up of lawyers which has been a regular feature of the administration of justice since the Goga Government came into power—it was quite an occasional one under Tatarescu. But I was too late—not one of the couple of hundred Jewish lawyers who regularly frequent the courts dared to appear. But one of the victims explained to me the process on the scene of action. Some sixty or more anti-Semitic lawyers would collect in the advocates' refectory and make their plans. The guardians of law and order in the corridor would be withdrawn by arrangement, after which the Christian lawyers would post sentinels at all exits and then in bands of twenty would scour the corridors for Jewish barristers. "They do not try to kill us—yet," the Jewish lawyer told me, "but apart from killing, it is just a battue. On catching sight of a Jew, the twenty set on him with the utmost violence, hitting at him with sticks and fists until, bleeding and half-conscious, they have hunted him to the exits where the sentinels finish the job and fling him into the streets. Then they scour the court rooms, where the judges are sitting. They have, of course, proper respect for the law,

and wait until the judge adjourns the session for a few minutes, which he frequently does at once to aid their sense of decorum when he sees them and realises their mission. As he withdraws, the assault and battery on the Jewish pleaders begins." I asked him, as I had asked the girl students, *pro forma*—I knew the answer—whether there was no protection to be had from the police or the courts, and was met by the same bitter laughter and the query, "But I thought you knew this country?" This beating which occurred constantly after I arrived here, met with the final triumph that the barreaux of Bucharest and Jassy excluded all Jewish lawyers from the courts pending the establishment of their citizenship under the new decree law of the Goga Government—passed in violation of the guarantees of religious and racial equality furnished by the Constitution, the Berlin Agreement of 1868 under which the Powers, on this condition, recognised the independence of Rumania, and the Paris Treaty of 1918, when these guarantees were made the condition of the transference to her of Transylvania. In Jassy I found the Jews in such a state of panic under the terrorism of the Cuzist bands that I had to go about my lawful occasions as though I had been a Communist courier in Berlin, but that and the general misery of the Jews of Jassy and of Kischineff, which I also visited, is another story. Yet the impression which will last longest of all those I have received of the present persecution of the Jews of Rumania is that of those two girl students, sitting in the house of an "ethnical Rumanian," as the new phrase goes—and how many of them are ashamed to-day of their country and full of sympathy for the Jews whom before they preferred not to meet—and blankly demanding "What is to become of us all now?"

Bucharest, January 30th. G. E. R. GEDYE

FORGETTING

MEMORY-TRAINING courses are much in vogue nowadays, and it seems to be taken for granted that the more things we remember the happier we shall be. The pleasures of memory must certainly be rated high, but I am sure forgetfulness also plays a part in making human beings happy. Macbeth and Lady Macbeth would have given a good deal to be able to forget the murder of Duncan, and many a politician must have longed to be allowed to forget his election pledges. Some of the unhappiest people in the world are those who cannot forget injuries inflicted on them in the past. Others are equally miserable because they cannot forget wrongs they have done others in the past. Human beings are so unfortunately constituted, indeed, that they forget the things they ought to remember, and remember the things they ought to forget. The memory should be trained, I think, to overcome both these weaknesses.

I am glad to see that the press has recently been turning its attention to the art of forgetting. At least, a great newspaper has gone so far as to publish an article on the subject, "How to Forget Him in a Week." Unfortunately, I missed the article, but I read a very interesting letter from a lady, in which she suggested to another lady an alternative method of forgetting the "him" referred to. As the art of forgetting is still in its infancy, her suggestions may be worth quoting. "Go to the cinema," she wrote, "—but not alone. Take a friend, a sister, anybody, even if you have to pay for them yourself. Try to pick a funny film, nothing too romantic." That seems to me to be fairly sound advice, unless Miss X is one of those people who do not find the Marx Brothers funny. Certainly anyone who can forget a broken heart in a cinema would be well advised to go, even if it involved paying for the admission of a sister or a friend. It is difficult, I agree, to imagine the forsaken heroines of the old ballads being lulled so easily into forgetfulness of their sorrows. But possibly the wretchedness of the forsaken in the age of the ballads was partly due to the fact that they lived in a world lacking in public amusements. If the lover did not keep his appointment, there were no funny films to which the heroine could go for distraction. In those days the woman sat at home and moped. To-day, thanks to the invention of the cinema, all she has to do is to put on her hat and go off to the pictures in order to enjoy herself thoroughly and forget that the odious little deceiver she was once engaged to ever existed.

There may be evenings, however, on which she cannot go to the pictures and on which memories of the odious creature may keep returning. How is she to distract herself on these trying occasions? The lady who gives the advice is clear on the point. "When you aren't going out in the evening," she writes, "turn on the radio and make yourself listen to those tunes you remember so well. Sing them; bawl them out as loud as you can." I should have thought this advice was just a little dangerous. All those tunes about the moon and June and "I Will Never Forget You" and "Cheek by Cheek" and "Your Arms Enfold Me" would surely conjure up pictures of vanished love, however loudly they were bawled at the wireless set. No woman, by howling "Good-bye, Old Faithful" at the top of her voice, could drive out the memory of the caddishness of the cad who has deserted her. Shouting and bawling is good for the soul, but it is a lonely business, when sitting in a small room by yourself, and merely serves to emphasise your loneliness. There is little consolation to be got from yelling "I'm Only a Little Prairie Flower" when nobody is present. It would be much better to my mind to sit silent and fall in love with the crooner. The crooner at least sounds as if he were twice as handsome as any of the men you know, twice as much in love with you, and twice as faithful. If you are one of the people who are subject to the influence of the cinema, wireless and such things, it ought to be easy enough to forget "him" for a crooner.

The lady who gives the advice, however, does not rely solely on the cinema, wireless and such modern inventions as aids to forgetfulness. She is also in her way an old-fashioned moralist. "Above all things," she says, "don't feel sorry for yourself, that's fatal. Do something for someone else—wash up for your mother, mind the neighbour's baby, and remember there is always someone worse off than you are." It is advice such as might have been given by a clergyman in the pre-invention era, and, I am sure, is much sounder than all this talk about going to the cinema and bawling as loud as you can at the wireless. There is only one point in it about which I am doubtful. Is it really particularly comforting to "remember there is always someone worse off than you are"? I have never found it so. If I have a toothache, I cannot forget it by reading of someone's suffering from frostbite in Labrador. If a steak is tough, it is no consolation to me to know that malaria is common in Trinidad. Undoubtedly, men of lofty character can teach themselves to neglect their minor discomforts by reflecting on the miseries of mankind in general. But we egotists think more of a single night's insomnia endured by ourselves than of the woes of the entire population of Patagonia.

Forgetting, indeed, is not a simple matter. Psychologists will have to devote years of profound study to the matter before they can instruct us with confidence in the art of forgetting. How long it will be, for example, before they are able even to persuade human beings that forgetfulness is necessary to happiness! Yet it ought to be obvious that memory can be one of the greatest evils on earth, whether to an individual or to a nation. The remembrance of grievances is a poison that embitters the blood. The Sicilian vendetta was simply the result of a good memory. With nations a good memory is as often as not a curse. The Boer War began with the cry, "Remember Majuba!" The Abyssinian War began with the cry, "Remember Adowa!" History, I think, will decide that it would have been much better to forget Majuba and to forget Adowa; but nations will not be persuaded into forgetfulness. Sir Horace Plunkett once said of Irish history that it was a thing that Englishmen should remember and Irishmen should forget; and by this he meant that nations should remember the wrongs they have inflicted

and forget the wrongs they have endured. The trouble is, of course, that memory often acts in exactly the opposite way. We remember only what we wish to remember, and this is usually the sufferings we have endured, not the sufferings we have inflicted. A Scotsman once said to me that the greatness of England was largely due to the fact that Englishmen, above all other races, possess the gift of forgetting. They are, he said, a practical people who, after a war is over, regard the matter as closed and realise that, if the world is to become normal again, they must forget most of the things they once said and indeed knew about their enemies.

There is clearly no nation that could ever have settled down into orderly life unless it had deliberately forgotten a good many things. The United States of America would have been as volcanic as the Balkans if the Americans had allowed themselves to remember too much about the Civil War. Northern Ireland, I think, would be a happier place to-day but for the curse of memory. Memory is the inspiration of great peoples, but it is a most misleading guide in politics. There is a time for remembering the past and a time for forgetting it. If everybody remembered the past, nobody would ever forgive anybody.

Memory, unfortunately, is an arbitrary thing and we shall never train it properly till we realise that it has a vicious as well as a noble aspect—that to forget a grievance is as commendable as to remember a benefit. Yet everyone does, I suppose, realise at least that to be in the company of a man brooding over his grievances is boredom without a parallel. It is perhaps unfair for me to criticise such a man, for no one ever did me a great wrong, and I have nothing in that line to remember. Still, when he is with me, I cannot help wishing that he would lose his memory or go elsewhere with it. Henceforth, knowing of the virtues of the cinema as a drug, I will draw up a list of comic films and cut him short by advising him to go and see them. "I'll never forgive him," he will say, and I will respond with "Have you seen *Rookery Nook*?" "No," he will say, "but he played me a dirty trick and I've got my knife in him. You'll see"; and I will answer, "Why not take your sister to see the new Laurel and Hardy?" And, if that fails, I will advise him to go home and turn on his wireless when the dance-band is playing and bellow "Little Old Lady," "The Old Village Choir," and the rest of the choruses till his lungs ache and the police knock at the door to see what is the matter. If bellowing at the wireless is an aid to forgetfulness, the more bellowing there is the better. I wish all Europe, from Herr Hitler down, would take to this form of bellowing. Then, having forgotten everything that it is better not to remember, we might have some chance of peace.

Y. Y.

THE HOSPITAL NURSE

MANY readers will have learned from their newspapers that the London County Council has been compelled to limit the number of infectious cases admitted to its hospitals, not because of a shortage of accommodation, but because of a shortage of nurses. This is no new phenomenon. Looking up some old articles of mine, I find that seven years ago I referred to the difficulty then experienced in obtaining recruits for a profession which is, in the popular mind, probably more sentimentalised over than any other. It was at about this time that the *Lancet* Commission on Nursing issued its Second Interim Report; and the facts which it disclosed were such as would, in a community less sentimental than ours, and with a finer sense of justice and fair play, have led to immediate radical reforms. Possibly there are, as yet, no such human communities. It is true that in many hospitals nursing conditions have improved since 1931; but the improvement is almost everywhere slight, and in very many hospitals non-existent. Anyway, the little progress made is far less than that which has taken place in woman's sense of her independence, her dignity, and her individual responsibility. The reorganisation of the health services is now being much talked about. Let us take care that the nurses are not forgotten in any reorganisation that takes place.

First-rate nursing is nearly, if not quite, as important in the treatment of a sick person as first-rate doctoring; but the *Lancet* Commission found that so marked is the shortage of applicants for training and, consequently, so low is the minimum standard of suitability which the hospitals are forced to adopt, if their work is to be carried on at all, that nearly 50 per cent. of probationers fail to complete their course of training. Unsuitability of temperament and uncongeniality of work each plays its part in bringing about this wastage. For wastage it is, seeing that it is only when she has completed her course that a nurse can normally give an adequate return for the effort spent on her technical training.

In a very interesting book, titled *The Story of the Growth of Nursing*,* may be found contemporary quotations from letters and from newspapers, illustrative of the general attitude towards nursing with which Florence Nightingale was faced in the middle of the last century. Here is a passage from a letter of Lord Granville: "Lady Pam thinks the Nightingale Fund great humbug. The nurses are very good now. Perhaps they do drink a little, but so do the ladies' monthly nurses, and nothing can be better than them; poor people, it must be tiresome sitting up all night." And here is an extract from a letter published in *The Times*, near the end of 1857: "A poor woman is left a widow with two or three children. What is she to do? She would starve on needlework, she is unfit for domestic duties, she knows nobody to give her charring and she has no money to buy a mangle. So she gets a recommendation from a clergyman and is engaged as a Hospital Nurse." In that same year, a celebrated surgeon of St. Thomas's Hospital, Mr. South, in a pamphlet called *Observations on Training Establishments for Hospitals*, expressed his opinion that "as regards the nurses or wardmaids, they are in much the same position as housemaids, and require little teaching beyond that of poultice-making." Referring to Florence Nightingale's suggested reforms, he commented "that this proposed hospital nurse-training scheme has *not* met with the approbation and support of the medical profession is beyond doubt. The very small number of medical men whose names appear in the enormous list of subscribers to the Fund cannot have passed unnoticed. Only three physicians and one surgeon from one (London) hospital, and one physician from a second are found among its supporters."

Miss Pavey gives us some interesting facts about the nurses and their conditions in the early days of the London Hospital. Drunkenness and dishonesty seem to have been general; and the nurses were often elderly and rather decrepit women. In the early nineteenth century, Sir William Blizzard complained that "two persons upon whom he had operated for stone, and who required attention both night and day, had been left in the sole charge of an infirm old woman of seventy." Here is an account of the nurse's "standing orders" a few decades earlier. "She was expected to come on duty at 6 a.m., and to continue at her post until 10 p.m. Days 'off' and holidays were, of course, unknown. Her duties were, among other things, to make the beds of the officers and servants, to clean the rooms, passages and stairs, and the Court—and Committee—rooms. In the face of such 'orders' we are not surprised to find that, when referred to in the minutes, she is classed with 'beadles, porters and other superior servants.' With regard to education and training no standards were required. In fact, as late as 1830, women who could neither read nor write were employed as nurses in most of the hospitals throughout Europe."

May we not in these pictures of routine and practice of but a hundred years ago find part of the explanation of the human and material environment thought appropriate to the needs of the hospital nurse of to-day? But nursing has developed into a specialised and highly skilled craft, demanding, if

* "The story of the Growth of Nursing as an Art, a Vocation, and a Profession." By Agnes E. Pavey. Faber and Faber. 15 s.

it is to reach the level of efficiency now attainable and rightly expected, a vocational impulse, temperamental fitness, and a high degree of acquired skill and knowledge. Nearly seventy years ago, Florence Nightingale wrote: "A woman who takes a sentimental view of nursing (which she calls 'ministering,' as if she were an angel) is, of course, worse than useless. A woman possessed with the idea that she is making a sacrifice will never do; and a woman who thinks that any kind of nursing work is 'beneath a nurse' will simply be in the way."

A woman who sees her life as expressed in terms of money and comfort should never contemplate entering the profession of nursing; nor, indeed, does the remedy for the shortage of nurses lie in the alteration of conditions to fit such a demand. Nursing is a vocation, not a business career. Immediately unpleasant though much of it is, the work of a nurse is a dignified and responsible work, just as the surgeon's is a dignified and responsible work. An efficient modern nurse needs to be a person of sympathy, of understanding, and of sober judgment, as well as a mistress of many techniques. Do the conditions of her hospital training, as they at present exist, tend to develop such qualities? Are the conditions such as are likely to attract to the nursing profession the sort of women that recent advances in medicine and surgery call for?

Of all the careers open to women, there is scarcely one which demands so complete a sacrifice of all those amenities for which women have fought so determinedly, as does that of nursing. There is nothing in the business world or in the world of ordinary organised labour so hedged about with etiquette and deferential procedure as is the smallest act in the nurse's day. The nurse is expected to "stand to attention with hands behind the back" when addressed by the matron or sister: she may not overtake such an official who happens to be walking ahead of her; and these material acts are but symbolic of the almost total repression of private judgment and initiative—without, however, any relaxing of individual responsibility—to which she must submit.

Add to these conditions the long hours of duty—usually from seven in the morning to eight or later at night, with breaks totalling about two hours for meals and rest; the supervision and limitation of guests; a ten o'clock be.' time, and meagre pay; and we can only be surprised that so many women, inspired by vocational ideals, remain within the profession.

Because women are ready to give their lives to our service, accepting conditions and wages which no other form of labour would tolerate, we are not thereby justified in exploiting them. The nurse should be offered a wage which does not make it impossible for her to provide for old age and illness. She should be freed from unnecessary restrictions which at present narrow her outlook and hamper the development of an ordinary healthy mind. The aim should be not to tempt into the profession of nursing those who demand only high pay, easy work and luxury, but to provide such conditions and wages as will not utterly deter suitable candidates, who, whilst feeling attracted to the career, are yet possessed of a healthy minimum of wordly prudence and human instincts.

What, then, are the main reforms needed? First of all, an honest and radical reconsideration of the place of the trained nurse in our national health services, and an appreciation of the essential dignity and social value of her work. Next, a realisation of the type or types of women peculiarly suited to this work, and a recognition of the conditions under which such women can live and move and have their true being. Nursing should not be a blind-alley occupation. There should be a life-long career in prospect. The salaries paid to staff nurses and sisters are, judged by modern standards, indefensible. They should straight away be increased by at least 50 per cent. More important still, the excessive hours of duty should be reduced. Ninety-six hours a fortnight should be the maximum, and, during the training period, time occupied by lectures and tuition should come out of this ninety-six. During working hours, some formal hierarchic discipline is necessary to efficiency. We can't have the captain and the crew constantly arguing. But, when off duty, all this petty conventual ritual should cease. The recent formulation by the Trades Union Congress of a Nurses' Charter is a useful move; and we may hope much from the newly formed Association of Nurses. But the last thing we want is to make nursing into a commercial trade. It is, and should be developed as, a true profession, with its own standards of honour and dignity and good craftsmanship.

HARRY ROBERTS

Correspondence

CHRISTIANITY AND WHAT NEXT

SIR,—Mr. Joad's criticism of Christianity to-day misses the mark because he has not sufficiently pondered the idea of the Church. Like most of us at some time, he believes that he is an *esprit fort*, entitled and able to think in complete independence of the tradition of Christian thought. The old and crucial distinction between the visible and the invisible Church is meaningless to him; the lamentable contradiction between any actual Church and its idea, and between the very existence of separate Christian Churches and the necessary idea of the universal Christian Church, is to him rather something to point the finger of scorn at, than a personal grief. He is "above the battle." But he is not.

True, I cannot convince Mr. Joad that his personal destiny, and the destiny of the civilised world to-day, is knit up with the condition of the Christian Church. Would that I could! But I may be able to make the idea less remote and fantastic than it assuredly will seem to him at first, by asking him to consider what is the ideal function of the Church. Its function is this: to keep alive within any human society the sense of the reality of Good and Evil as absolutes, independent of the convention of society, or the ordinances of the secular state. That function can be fulfilled only by a Church. Let Mr. Joad imagine *any* organisation that would fulfil it: he will be imagining a Church. And if the postulate that there is an absolute Good and Evil is true, the function can be completely fulfilled only by *the* universal Church.

We are bound to come to metaphysics. It is in vain that Mr. Joad "refrains from asking the question whether a religion can be true." Religion absolutely depends on the acknowledgment of the reality of an absolute Good. Take away that foundation and Christianity collapses. But take away that foundation, and the civilised world collapses, too. Ours is, though it has forgotten it, a Christian civilisation. For without Christianity, there is no accepted criterion outside society by which society can be judged; and Man hands himself over, gagged and bound, and without appeal, to the absolute authority of the secular state. Mr. Joad may say: "But there is the individual conscience." There is, indeed. But *what* is the individual conscience, unless it be the voice of God? Or why should we obey it? And, above all, whence shall we derive the strength to obey it?

These are terribly urgent questions for the Pacifist to-day. And it is by such enforced renewals of Christian experience that the fearful gulf between the contemporary mind and the Christian tradition may be, and indeed must be, bridged. The Church will then be revealed anew as the divinely appointed protector of those who, whether or not they are conscious of what they are doing, do in fact appeal to the authority of a Good that is inherently and everlastingly superior to the relative "good" erected into an absolute by the secular state. Nor need they boggle over the idea of *divine* appointment, for the chances are heavy they will be talking, or thinking, in terms that assume a purpose in human history. Once the idea of purpose in history is assumed, a theology is implicit. The Christian tradition asserts the necessity that it should be made explicit.

I do not think we shall escape this necessity. Mr. Joad is at present in the position of one who sees the truth of the first clause only in Blake's profound saying: "Man must, and will, have some religion: if he has not the religion of Jesus, he will have the religion of Satan and will erect the synagogue of Satan, calling the Prince of this world, God, and destroying all those who do not worship Satan under the name of God." That sinister destiny is now being visibly accomplished in the world. And the visible Church is now torn between those who worship Satan under the name of God and those who try to have the religion of Jesus. But these are not the majority of Christians; which is the large

company of those who are indifferent, or humbly waiting for guidance, or genuinely bewildered. Thus the visible Church is, as it always must be, a microcosm of the world; but it is, at the same time, something more than that. Its members are united by their common profession: that they see the revelation of absolute Good in Jesus Christ—in all that He did, and taught, and suffered, in all that has happened in the world after and because of that event. By that profession alone they are the Church. But we cannot stand outside the Church, and demand that it shall make its profession real. We *can*, of course; but it is futile, because we cannot know what our demand really means, if we isolate ourselves from the Christian tradition, which is the unremitting effort of centuries to understand what that meaning is.

It is thus ineffectual to stand outside the Church and demand that Christians shall be Pacifists. I think they should be to-day; but I am not prepared to condemn them for not being, if only because I am none too sure that I can stay the course myself. But Canon Barry's attitude that "it is a good thing that there should be Christian Pacifists" is all that can be required of anyone who claims to speak *on behalf of* the visible Church. Let the visible Church cherish and protect Pacifists—not merely Christian Pacifists, but all Pacifists, "By their works ye shall know them." That is all we Pacifists have a right to demand of the visible Church. The invisible Church will cherish and protect them anyhow; it will protect them, not from suffering, but in suffering.

The idea of this incessant tension between the visible Church and the invisible may sound mystical; it belongs to the essence of the idea of the Christian Church. It is because the Church both embodies that idea and represents it to the imagination that the Church is *absolutely* necessary to the world to-day; it is indeed the reality of the world, in the sense that by it alone is the true condition of the world to-day fully revealed to the world: Mr. Joad's true condition to Mr. Joad, and mine to me.

The Old Rectory, Larling, Nr. Norwich. J. MIDDLETON MURRY

THE KIROO CASE

SIR,—The letter of Mr. Leonard W. Matters on the Indian Police Service is so unfair that it should not remain unanswered.

I have not seen the records of the case in the Lahore High Court to which reference is made; but if Kiroo was tortured by the police it is a severe reflection on the discipline of those concerned; and everyone will agree that no condemnation can be too strongly expressed.

But what justification can there be in this for the statement that the police in India are part of the political machine whereby British control over the country is maintained? That is only true if by British control is meant the maintenance of law and order. The Indian police have to their credit kept clear of political partisanship during the difficult years of transition to Provincial Self-government. They will carry out the orders of the Indian Minister as loyally as they have obeyed the Governor in the past.

Again, it is nonsense to say that there is no public control of the police and under the new constitution there can be none. Even under Dyarchy, the Minister in charge of Home Affairs had practically full control. The protection afforded by the Constitution to officers appointed by the Secretary of State is only against arbitrary action; and Ministers fully recognise the advantage of having under their orders officers who are protected against political intrigue.

Let me say at once that the question of torture by the police has nothing to do with politics. It is disheartening to find that it still exists; and, if Mr. Matters is to be believed, to a far greater extent than when I served in the Punjab (1897–1923). Police methods were often primitive; but I never came across or heard of a case as bad as that of Kiroo; and I cannot but think that under the new regime there has been a slackening—temporary it is to be hoped—in the discipline of the police force.

Police methods are largely conditioned by the outlook of the general public and in most countries, besides India, the prosecution seeks to force a confession from the accused. That is eminently the case in Russia. I remember a case, too, in Italy where a gang of gipsies were arrested and confessed to killing a boy. Fortunately, before they could be hanged, a friend of the missing boy told his father that he had fallen off the pier where they had been playing. The body was recovered and the gipsies released.

To show the Indian attitude I can quote the following case. An Indian District Magistrate was robbed of a large quantity of gold and silver ornaments. He suspected and arrested certain persons, handed them over to the police and ordered them to extort a confession. The Superintendent of Police was able to interfere, though it was not easy for him and had he not discovered the thieves and got back the property I am afraid the Magistrate would have made things very difficult for him.

To conclude. It is not true that the police under the old regime took any part in politics, any attempt by politicians to interfere in the internal discipline of the police force will be dangerous to law and order; on the other hand, Ministers have all the necessary powers to enforce their orders and in doing so will be loyally supported by all ranks of the police force.

33 Woodstock Close, Oxford. C. Q. HENRIQUES, Indian Civil Service (retired)

[Without necessarily associating ourselves with everything said by Mr. Matters, we recommend Mr. Henriques to notice the following points. He has not seen the records of the Kiroo case. The Chief Justice could not have expressed himself more definitely. In his judgment, he exonerated Kiroo for killing the police officer, remarking that such torture was apparently frequently used, that he knew of cases in which prisoners had died under such interrogation or torture, that it was "unfortunate" that such acts as Kiroo's in defending himself did not occur more often. The police, the Chief Justice pointed out, indulged in this torture before numerous witnesses, and clearly regarded it as "normal procedure." What Mr. Henriques means by denying that the police are part of the political machine we cannot imagine. At the time to which he refers scores of thousands of people were beaten and imprisoned for no other than political offences. Their behaviour in villages was to our personal knowledge often that of soldiers sent on punitive expeditions.

One further point. According to one interpretation the new constitution gives the Provincial Governments control and supervision of the police, subject, of course, to the right of appeal to the Governor. Whether Mr. Matters is right in assuming that there cannot in fact be public control of the police under the new constitution only time can show.—ED., *N.S. & N.*].

POLICE EVIDENCE AND BAIL

SIR,—The correspondence on police evidence as to character which has been running in your columns has shown the unsatisfactory nature of many of the statements which are made by police officers in the courts—a subject to which I have called attention sometime ago in your columns and which has been dealt with in our publications.

The letter from Solicitor in your issue of January 22nd mentions that on some occasions the magistrates have said that they took a certain course "by the direction of the Home Office" as if such instructions were binding on the Bench. In connection with the Home Office, therefore, it is interesting to record that some time ago when my Council was instrumental in getting certain questions asked in the House of Commons on the frequency of the refusal of bail to prisoners on what appear to be entirely insufficient grounds, the Home Secretary replied that he had no power to circularise the Justices on this subject of bail. Curiously enough, the then Home Secretary found himself able to circularise the Chairmen of petty sessional divisions on the subject of bail in 1889 and again in 1906. We may reasonably ask, therefore, why modern Home Secretaries should consider themselves lacking in powers which their predecessors possessed.

It should be noted that according to Archbold's *Criminal Pleading*, 1934 Edition, page 72, "the proper test of whether bail should be granted or refused is whether it is probable that the accused will appear to take his trial." Refusal or delay to bail any person bailable is at Common Law an offence against the liberty of the subject.

Curious inconsistencies in this matter of bail are frequently recorded in the press. Thus certain strikers at Harworth in 1937 were refused bail, although they were living in the village, were well known to the police and were not expected to abscond. In mid-Rhondda in 1936, thirty-six defendants had been on bail from the police court for several months without absconding, yet at the Assizes bail was refused to them and they were all detained in Swansea prison until influential intervention secured their release on bail. At a London police court, the Stipendiary Magistrate refused bail to a young man who asked for a week's remand to obtain legal assistance, although he was charged with a minor offence for which the maximum fine was 40*s*. When I reported this fact, a Solicitor and Barrister attended the court the same afternoon and on their intervention the Magistrate altered his decision and imposed a fine of 40*s*. It is easy to

understand how the hardship of a remand in custody can easily occur when the defendant is not legally represented.

In contrast to this refusal of bail, we have records of recent cases in which bail has been granted to dangerous criminals about whom there could have been no certainty that they would appear to take their trial. Two men were charged at Old Street with maliciously wounding a man by striking him about the head with a glass with intent to cause grievous bodily harm. In another case five men were charged at the Thames Police Court, and subsequently at the Old Bailey, with inflicting grievous bodily harm. They were all granted bail although the police gave evidence that they had made use of dangerous weapons including a razor and that one of them had shouted, "He is down; let me slash him; he is only a Jew; kill him." The Judge described these assaults as "a dastardly, cowardly attack." It appears strange, therefore, that the Home Office are unable to give some guidance to Magistrates as to their duties in granting bail to persons of fixed abode who have not been guilty of serious crime.

The National Council for Civil Liberties, RONALD KIDD, Secretary.
Morley House, 320 Regent Street, London, W.1.

DOCTORS AND WAR

SIR,—As Secretary of the British Medical Association, I should naturally be concerned if the impression were given by Mr. McGavin's letter, published under the heading "Doctors and War" in your issue of last week, that the methods employed by the Emergency Officer in question to secure information from doctors were in any way typical. This is not the case. The method to which Mr. McGavin refers is not that which it was intended should be applied, nor such as this Association could approve.

I would only add that the "Statement of Intentions" for which doctors are being asked is not in any way binding; and that the official inquiry forms make provision for those practitioners who may wish to indicate that they are not prepared to undertake emergency service in any medical capacity.

G. C. ANDERSON, Secretary,
British Medical Association
British Medical Association House,
Tavistock Square, London, W.C.1.

SIR,—Mr. McGavin, in the correspondence columns of your issue of January 29th, has drawn attention to an event which must have disturbed many in the medical profession. As a member of the British Medical Association, I also received the questionnaire to which he refers; and experienced some difficulty in completing it, except for the question as to my date of birth! I returned it, however, with a letter to the effect that, owing to my pacifist views, as an individual, I was not prepared to volunteer my services for the war envisaged; but that, as a medical practitioner, I should certainly attend to any casualties in my vicinity, in the event of war; just as I should attend to the victims of a road accident, were I the nearest doctor available. I received a courteous acknowledgment and some explanation of the B.M. Association's intention in circulating the forms.

Although I deplore the action of the Emergency Officer in the district to which Mr. McGavin refers, I suggest that the occasion gave medical pacifists a legitimate opportunity to express their humanitarian views. JOAN E. GREENER, M.B., D.P.H., D.P.M.

THE PROFESSIONAL WORKER

SIR,—In view of the recent correspondence in your columns on the place of the technician in the community, I should like to draw your readers' attention to an important conference of representatives of professional and non-manual workers that the Fabian Society is calling on Saturday, February 12th, at 2.30 p.m. in the Livingstone Hall, Broadway, Westminster. Unexpected successes have been scored recently in the organisation of professional people notably in the formation of Actors' Equity. A. M. Wall who did splendid work in this direction is to speak on "The Professional Worker and the Trade Union Movement."

On the other hand, many groups, like the bank clerks, are struggling to preserve their rights through the association of their choice; T. G. Edwards, of the Bank Officers Guild, and A. Creech Jones, M.P., will speak on "The Professional Worker: His Status and Protection."

The last topic the Conference is discussing, "The Professional Worker and Political Action," a very vexed question among blackcoat workers, will be opened by F. J. Bellenger, M.P., and by R. H. Tawney. Delegates and visitors' tickets, 2s. 6d. each, can be obtained from the Fabian Society, 11 Dartmouth Street, S.W.1.

DONALD M. FRASER

PASTEURISATION

SIR,—Nobody could accuse you of being biassed in your editorial remarks on the milk problem. From a public health point of view the attitude of the B.M.A. is obviously correct. In fact, some might say that this body has not gone far enough in its pronouncement—even T.T. milk cannot be considered as invariably safe. (In one investigation, out of 43 samples of T.T. milk, 33 contained haemolytic streptococci and 27 contained Brucella abortus.) Only efficient pasteurisation or sterilisation can make milk safe. The arguments against compulsory pasteurisation are obvious. Pasteurising plants are not always efficient, and they require careful supervision. They are, also, expensive. If all milk is pasteurised, there is no obvious point in encouraging the farmer to produce clean milk, beyond the fact that pasteurisation is more effective if only clean milk is dealt with by the plant. The big milk distributors find that it pays them to encourage clean milk production, although all their milk is pasteurised.

The lack of consistency in the present arrangements can be seen from the fact that farmers are paid bonuses for accredited or tuberculin-tested milk, while their less progressive brethren are paid compensation if an animal excreting tubercle bacilli in its milk is found in their herds, and is slaughtered in consequence. That is, they are paid not to poison us!

The problem cannot be solved easily. A compromise might be arranged by pasteurising all milk except that from herds which come up to the "Attested" standard of the Ministry of Agriculture. Substantial bonuses should be paid to farmers owning these herds, but bonuses for accredited milk should be abandoned. As you rightly suggest, local authorities should do all that is in their power to "clean-up" cow-sheds and dairies, and a better method than the present one should be found for discouraging farmers from owning cattle with open tuberculosis.

Chessel Avenue, Boscombe. J. W. P. THOMPSON

SPANISH RELIEF FUND

We are glad to acknowledge the following further sums received for Spanish relief:

G. E. Smith (£15), A. M. Gwynn (£10), Stanley Smith (£2), E. P. Edmonds (£1 1s.), Anon., F. E. M., H. D. M. (£1), Emmeline M. Dent, T. D. McE., T. P. (10s.), R. W. Baldwin (5s.), Anon., S. E. Jefferson (2s. 6d.).

Miscellany

THE THREE SISTERS

THE curtain rose, fell, and rose again, seven times at the close of *The Three Sisters*, revealing the actors in line. But at the Queen's Theatre prolonged applause did not gradually eliminate the players of the smaller parts, leaving the principals to acknowledge alone the then redoubled cheers. We did not want to discriminate; we had no favourites. It was the performance, the play, that had so delighted us; and to that, it seemed, everyone on the stage had at one moment or another contributed something indispensable. Mr. Ivor Brown put this well in *The Observer*: "This lovely presentation of Chekov may fairly be described as an all-star cast in a no-star play, and the stars, in their modest courses, behave admirably. There is no trace of exhibitionism. The production has as much proportion as fluency. It is all real acting and no egotistical nonsense." What Mr. Agate in the *Sunday Times* so aptly called "the limpidity and translucence of the acting" made him, also, unwontedly lyrical: "You have seen a landscape mirrored in water; the wind ruffles the surface, and the scene is gone for ever yet remains. So with this play and this acting." By implication he compared M. Saint Denis, who directed the performance, to a conductor who interprets orchestral music, bringing out and yet sub-

ordinating the contribution of each instrumental passage to the whole; while Motley's scenery, and now and then the pose of an actress, kept reminding him of one fine painter after another: "Mr. George Devine's imaginative lighting has given another part of the stage the indeterminate look of a Vuillard, while the right-hand window of the house in the last act is like an unusually gay Utrillo." That last comparison, a very happy one, applied I think not only to the window but to the whole scene. There was a lyrical haphazard look about it: that brittle fence, that shabby bit of garden, that facade white as a band-box, those nearly leafless birch-trees, all bathed in the bright thin atmosphere of Spring; a light which secretly made more poignant the mood of mature autumnal sadness in which the drama ends. For the three sisters Spring is over at last. Even the heart of Irina, born hoping, will not be visited again by gusts of unrelated joy; nor will the tired conscientious Olga, nor the passionate Marya echo any more her nostalgic cry, "To Moscow, Moscow."

The completeness of Chekov's play does not lie merely in the logic of its story, though on a realistic level that is convincing, but in its having resolved, after modulating often into laughter, the frustrations of youth and refinement caught in the net of desperately mediocre surroundings, into a final resignation which is like, but is not quite, despair. In common with all genuine works of art *The Three Sisters* is addressed to the contemplative, not the practical mind. To the practical the spectacle of failure in any shape is merely depressing; not necessarily to the contemplative, who, whether religious or sceptical, have down the ages found wisdom and even a beauty in the lessons of frustration:

> Entbehren sollst du! Sollst entbehren!
> Das ist der ewige Gesang.

To the former, renunciation is a drug the poor-spirited or pampered administer to themselves; it is a poison to the individual; and since it does not spur men into changing their environment, also a drag on progress. To the latter it is a necessity forced on men by the nature of things, but which, if recognised as such, opens a perspective which, though it may not make life happier, disinfects it of triviality; and *that* no increase of health, wealth or pleasure by themselves can do. Resignation brings, too, another blessing in its train; relief from the burden of pretending things are better than they are, or soon must be. That can at times be heavy, and it is perpetually irksome to the artist to whom self-examination and candour are essential if he is to discover the sources of his joy. Theory won't lead him to them.

On my way home from the theatre I found myself reflecting how *The Three Sisters* would strike an optimist with some sweeping and simple economic remedy for life's discords. The overtones of Chekov's tragi-comedy would escape an ardent Communist. The story of those forlorn, ineffectual young women would throw no light for him on life itself, but much upon the capitalist system. For him there could be no more complete exposure of the bankruptcy of bourgeois ideology and refinement than the spectacle of these flies crawling in a glue-pot.

Vershinin, melting over his own futility and his vision of when life for all will be worth living is a typical intellectual progressive of Chekov's generation. He wins a temporary mistress by gassing endlessly about the glorious future of mankind without comprehending what that future entails. These decayed gentlewomen craving "for work" they cannot do, and for "love" they cannot find, are clearly fit for the dust-bin. And into it they went far sooner than Vershinin expected. Their cry, "To Moscow, Moscow," has certainly now a pleasant ironic ring to those who have watched the dawn of that new era in Russia. How deeply disappointed they would have been with Moscow to-day. To a Communist the tragi-comedy of *The Three Sisters* can have no other significance than that of a document of capitalistic stagnation which justifies incidentally "the liquidation" of the class they represent. I have observed that when the Communist turns critic and writes a history of literature, it is not in relation to the mind and destiny of man that past masterpieces interest him, but in the degree to which they each reflect, or do not reflect, the point of view of a leisured class; the supposition (for which there is no evidence) being that only the proletarian can securely grasp life's values. Such an one would not hear in this play the "still sad music of humanity," only the wailing of the bourgeoisie.

Chekov is the dramatist of good-byes (I repeat it again); good-byes to hopes, possessions and ambitions, good-byes to love. And unless in a totalitarian civilisation men become entirely absorbed in incessant production, or their responses so thoroughly "conditioned" by education that they ask no more than what the State provides (an awful possibility!), human life will continue to be largely a series of farewells concluding with death, the last. Time is for ever changing the plates before we have had enough; our best courage is needed for adieus. Yet out of this conception of life, which the practical optimist would label "depressing," and the Communist regard as sociologically symptomatic, Chekov makes a work of art which exalts like a beautiful piece of music. It is not in a mood of depression one leaves the theatre after seeing *The Three Sisters*, the best of all his plays; it has the unanalysable appeal of music as well as the absorbing interest of a story. The themes of personal despair and universal hope are interwoven. Each character like an instrument in an orchestra leads or gives way in turn; sometimes playing alone, sometimes with others and scarcely heard, now upon the desolate theme of cultivated exiles, now upon the more universal one of longing youth. Now it is the gay Irina we hear most distinctly, now the unselfish tired Olga, now the passionate Marya, proud, yet (at one moment certainly) a little ashamed before her sisters of clutching at her precarious happiness. And what a disconcerting note comes from that dark pit of egotism, Solyony; that compound of ferocious social diffidence and romantic egotism, whose self-contempt has been "transferred" into the delusion that his hands stink like a corpse—the jeering buffoon who—no one would believe it—is really dangerous, and wrenches the last chance of comfort from Irina whom he "loves." Again, what a queer strain that cracked old fiddle which has long lost the resonance of real feeling, the army doctor contributes. In Tchebutykin's case, and in that of the exasperating chirpy schoolmaster Kuligin, to whom the passionate Marya is so incongruously married, Chekov shows his delicate instinct for delaying the deep revelation of character till the very moment when it will be most dramatic. Not till the last act do we discover that Tchebutykin's amiability springs from his no longer being able to care about anything; and not till Marya is shattered by parting from her lover, and Kuligin puts on a false beard to distract her from her misery, do we see the inept kindliness, the clumsy sympathy in that smug, contented, busy little man. Nor, till that insipidly cheerful, apparently empty young man, "the Baron," says good-bye to Irina to go to his death without asking for a love she cannot give, without hinting at his coming duel with Solyony, do we realise the delicacy of feeling in that modest, unattractive suitor. Their parting, wonderfully acted by both, is all important if we are to feel the full pathos of Irina's lost last chance.

Such are the characters, such the instruments, which M. Saint-Denis, aided by a most intelligent and self-effacing cast, has controlled as a conductor does an orchestra. The actors have identified themselves so completely in my mind with the characters they represented that it seems superfluous to mention that it was Mr. Gielgud who became the intellectual hen-pecked Vershinin, with pince-nez and weedy beard; Miss Peggy Ashcroft, Irina; Miss Ffrangcon-Davies, Olga; Miss Goodner, Marya; Mr. Leon Quartermain, Kuligin; etc., etc. But since I have not mentioned two other important characters—Andry, the brother of the three sisters, who from being a lazy, clever young man sinks into a slovenly pram-pushing, cuckolded slave of his vulgar wife—let me add that Andry was admirably played by Mr. George Divine; and his

wife, the embodiment of a mincing would-be gentility, eupeptic energy and mechanical self-complacent motherhood, excellently acted by Miss Angela Baddeley.

How was M. Saint-Denis's production achieved? The answer is, first, by his understanding that, spiritually, Chekov's supreme gift was to bring to the observation of character a most delicate sense of justice; therefore any exaggeration in the acting is fatal. And, secondly, by his never forgetting that, technically, Chekov's method was to develop character and situation by means of a dialogue which follows the broken rhythms of life, and by making every remark, every gesture of his characters, reflect the influence of group relations at the moment. This method can only be interpreted by all characters on the stage never ceasing to act, however trivial their contribution to the scene. It needs the most sensitive attention to detail. Those subtle touches! The passages of high emotion cannot escape anyone, but to relish this performance completely you must look out for those touches. The expression of shy embarrassment, almost envy, on Olga's face while she turns her back on the passionate last embraces between Vershinin and her sister; the radiant patronage on the faces of those two when they have just discovered their love, betrayed, too, in their voices, while the Baron is holding the stage on the theme that life must always be the same; the way Solyony instinctively seeks the mirror in a room, and how Kuligin, even in the last act, stoops down to mend a water-pipe. There were hundreds. Was a touch ever missed? Doubtless, but I only remember that there should have been a shade more *timidity* in Kuligin's connubial familiarities and in the pats he gives her something of a child afraid of his beautiful dog.

DESMOND MACCARTHY

TELEVISED OPERA

I CONFESS it was with considerable misgivings that I accepted an invitation of the B.B.C. to see in the viewing room a new experiment in televising opera, which consisted of a special performance of the second act of *Tristan und Isolde*, presented in masque form by Dallas Bower with a double cast of actors and singers so that the acting and the singing should be kept separate. The viewing took place in the dark in a special audience chamber at Broadcasting House. I had never seen a television demonstration before, so I shall describe it in some detail for the benefit of those who are as ignorant as I was.

In the first place I understand that the B.B.C. use the M.-E. system, which gives the picture on a slightly convex screen which needs comparative darkness in which to be seen to the best advantage. I am told that the Scophony system gives a picture of larger dimensions that can be seen equally well in broad daylight but, perhaps, it has other disadvantages. After seeing the B.B.C. television picture, which is about the size of a copy of the NEW STATESMAN AND NATION held sideways, I am not impressed by the fact that a larger picture can be obtained. I am now firmly of the opinion that the present size of picture is quite large enough for exhibition in any room of a private house or any moderate-sized studio. Further, the smallness of the picture and the reduced scale of the figures and objects shown in it has a quite remarkable and, to me, quite unexpected beauty which would be lost if increased even to life-size, to say nothing of an over life-size such as that of the cinema film. It is also an aesthetic advantage that it has to be shown in the dark, so I warn every reader and also the B.B.C. authorities that television is not to be improved by achieving daylight visibility. The line of improvement lies altogether elsewhere.

The definition was surprisingly distinct and steady. In this respect the technical experts have reached an advanced stage, and there is nothing to complain of now in the clarity and beauty of the images as shown by the televisers in the B.B.C. studio, although I presume that these are very expensive sets and not by any means within popular reach at present. But now we come to the actual performance of *Tristan und Isolde* which I saw. After a preliminary and harmless announcement by a gentleman whom we saw as well as heard, followed by the title of the opera, the fading out was followed by a piece of showmanship almost in the worst style of the cinema. I say "almost" because this preliminary "production" was comparatively modest and chaste. There was none of that visual funny business with which the famous Hollywood corporations see fit to introduce their pictures. I mean those zig-zagging sections and intersections of words, objects, titles, etc., etc., and irritating puff-preliminaries which are meant to arouse the interest of the spectator, who is impatiently sitting in the cinema angrily waiting to get down to brass tacks. The "producer" has been the curse of the modern theatre, but he is mostly a harmless lunatic compared to those geniuses who sicken one of almost every film before one has seen it.

As I say, the preliminary "production" of *Tristan und Isolde* was comparatively chaste. It consisted of nothing more than a picture of waves rolling on a shore which, of course, was meant to suggest that the sea lay between Brittany and Cornwall and that Tristan and Isolde were upon it. Now, oddly enough, the effect of this realism was just the opposite of what the producers desired. Instead of stimulating the imagination it froze it, and all that aura of the sea which an unreal canvas-painted ship produces in the opera house when the curtain rises on the first act of *Tristan* was annihilated. Undoubtedly any artist would have expected this to happen, because it is the first law of art that the mind must be stimulated to imagine, not stunned with photographic realism; but it is the object of nine-tenths of the cinema world to rid the people of their minds, and Alexandra Palace has not escaped this debilitating influence.

Next we were shown a number of people—huntsmen, I suppose—gallivanting among trees. This was to *suggest* that King Mark was away hunting; but like most producers the Alexandra Palace experts do not seem to be aware that a picture of actual men among real trees, hunting or chasing,

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arouses only one kind of passionate interest in the spectator, and that is to *see* what they are hunting; so that at once we forgot all about *Tristan und Isolde* and searched if we could catch a glimpse of what they were after, and wondered if we should presently be led to a rabbit, a fox or even a human corpse among the trees. Here I must digress a moment to comment on the half-wittedness of film producers who cannot realise that if one sees any sporting event such as racing, fishing, golf, billiards, tennis, etc., on the film it is the detail only that is interesting. In real action only minute detail in slow motion is of any interest to living human beings. Herein lies its poetry, its character and its sole aesthetic value. But for this, film producers substitute the melodramatic ravings of some sham-excited commentator while they gallop through the actual scene in a blur of fake emotion. But of course it will be objected that film producers, especially those of news films and films of actual events, are complete morons catering for half-morons. I agree, but I deplore the fact.

Another bad habit of the cinema was next introduced, and that is the truly infernal device of switching you from one scene to another taking place contemporaneously somewhere else. This device always deals a death-blow to the imagination. Half the fun of the spectator in the opera house contemplating Isolde waving her scarf on the balcony of the Castle is to *imagine* Tristan plunging through the trees of the forest on his way to her, and King Mark and his courtiers hunting. Wagner *paints* all this for us in his orchestra, but the Alexandra Palace producer nullifies the very genius of Wagner in picturing these things before our eyes, so that we are intensely irritated by being told (no matter how brilliantly!) what we can very well see for ourselves. This is a misunderstanding of the medium, and shows how much harder it is for men to learn to use the inventions of scientists skilfully and fruitfully than it is for the scientists to invent these things.

Having made these several strictures, I now come to the credit side of the account. Some of the pictures—especially those on the balcony of the castle—were extremely beautiful. The black and white of the televised picture has a very attractive and even mysterious quality, and when the B.B.C. televising staff learn how to use this new instrument, wonderful things ought to be done with it. I am of the opinion that television has great possibilities, but when I consider what comparatively little artistic use has been made of the medium of the cinema film I cannot be very optimistic about the future of television. Works, whether dramatic or operatic, should be specially written for television, but existing operas and plays could be very successfully televised if carefully selected and produced by people who have some grasp of elementary artistic principles. Otherwise the possessors of televisers will have introduced into their homes one more enemy of mankind and one more destroyer of human happiness.

W. J. TURNER

The joke is on us

if we persist in thinking that the threat to our own exports and imports is Britain's only concern in the Japanese war. It is easy to forget that Canada too has big interests in the Pacific, and that we shall thus have some awkward local problems to face, if the war spreads east.

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NELSON

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THE MOVIES

"The Buccaneer," at the Carlton
"Dinner at the Ritz," at the New Gallery (from Sunday)

DE MILLE has come down like a wolf on the fold. He has dumped at the Carlton a load of mischief, a monstrous bundle of piracy, murder, arson, war: the whole catalogue of iniquities—rape, of course, always excepted. The ethics of *The Buccaneer* would go down well in Italy. Patriotism is more than enough, especially when it pays. Jean Lafitte (Fredric March), the boss of a pirate gang, cares nothing for the fate of aliens, but will not touch a vessel that sails beneath the Stars and Stripes. If an American ship is sent blazing to the bottom, this is against his orders, and someone will get it in the neck. We are not surprised, therefore, when, at a critical moment in the War of Independence, he throws the weight of his gang in with the American forces, and helps them to win the battle of New Orleans. The battle scenes are stirring in their Boys' Own Paper way; first a shot of the Americans ("Yankee Doodle"), then one of the English ("British Grenadiers"), and after that backwards and forwards with the regulation cinema *crescendo* and *accelerando;* ubiquitous and continuous turmoil, violence, ferocity, agony. Is it priggish to wish that our excitements at the movies were a little less bloodthirsty? Anyone who needs that particular stimulus can surely treat himself now to as much as he wants from the daily papers; correspondents in Spain and China grow less squeamish, and newspapers publish photographs of genuine atrocities. Do films like *The Buccaneer*, glorifying violence, provide a safe outlet for anti-social emotions, or do they titillate them? I remember how scornful I used to be, as a child, when my aunts refused to take me to tragic plays because "surely, dear, there's enough sorrow in the world already." Now I feel like those aunts myself: there's enough mass-murder in the world already. I don't want to see it simulated for my enjoyment.

It is no doubt absurd to take the magniloquent De Mille *au grand sérieux*. He is still Hollywood's eternal child, unaffected by any save purely technical advances in the art of the cinema. His dialogue veers between the modern ("you adorable idiot") and the outrageously Olde Newe Worlde ("The British speak us fair with lands and gold . . . aye, gold!"). And he still believes in quantity above all things. *The Buccaneer* lasts over two hours, and it is crammed full of everything anybody could be expected to want: two pretty girls, one an uncharacterised New Orleans belle (Margot Grahame), the other a quaint little Dutch pickle (Franciska Gaal); the Dutch pickle's quaint little dog, a comic cockatoo, a comic moustachio'd braggart, a splendid Victory Ball, lush Southern scenery, and a surprisingly convincing sketch by Hugh Sothern of General Andrew Jackson. Only sometimes you wish that it were all less lavish, less wholesale; you feel that Cecil B. de Cent would be more than adequate. The Carlton play up nobly, with the Stars and Stripes fluttering

from one stage-box and the skull and crossbones from another, and their attendants (the most protean in London) decked out as Dutch girls and Willie Clarkson buccaneers.

The adorable Annabella has little chance to show her metal in her new English film, *Dinner at the Ritz*, a comedy mystery about Big Business swindlers. As long as she is allowed to be her pouting, friendly self, she delights; but when they dress her up, first as a Spanish exile (jokes about the bombardment of Madrid), then as a Ranee, the film peters out in an atmosphere of amateur theatricals, and not even the engaging antics of Romney Brent can save it. PETER GALWAY

PLAYS AND PICTURES

"Nine Sharp," at the Little Theatre

This entertainment is extraordinary; for it surpasses the common run of such salmagundis as conspicuously as Athens excels Boeotia, or Pope his dunces. The ingenious Mr. Farjeon has perused with a satirist's eyes the variegated follies of our time, and composed a true Review in which the Town, like a painted harridan looking in daylight at her glass, may see its absurdities reflected. The culpable frenzy that demolishes solid and well-proportioned mansions in order to erect tenements as costly to hire as they are incommodious to inhabit and unsightly to behold; worthy Sir John Reith's ill-devised endeavours to knit closer our Empire by bringing to us the voices, chosen one might suppose for their harshness, of settlers in remote dependencies; the puerile and vulgar idioms employed by persons ordinarily the most respectable when these are agitated by the problems and hazards of the card-table; the extreme inelegance of those entertainments that ape the licentiousness, without attaining the polish, of the Parisian stage, and thus transform the theatre into the semblance of a bagnio; the lisps, bleatings, cockney vowels and unnatural enunciation with which our actresses betray the authors whom they ought to serve; the ludicrous gravity affected by those *cognoscenti* of stage-dancing who speak of Muscovite jigs as if these were orations by Tully or paintings by Salvator—such matters have discovered a satiric poet nicely equipped to place them in the pillory. Our one disappointment is that Mr. Farjeon, perhaps for fear of offending the despotic Lord Chamberlain, has omitted to notice the incompetence of our statesmen, or the posturings, almost as laughable as they are odious, of continental tyrants . . . A swell show, in fact. Hermione Baddeley is a knock-out—touches nothing that she does not make funny; Elizabeth Pollock's cyanide imitations convulse; Cyril Ritchard is more than someone; Eric Anderson, Irene Prador, Betty Ann Davies and Michael Anthony (see him as a *carte postale*) help a lot, but the Waltzes are death, and darling Charlotte Leigh is not once given a clear stage. She hasn't the looks of a chorine, why treat her as one? Hedley Briggs has fixed a pretty, witty decor for the best Revue in years.

THE COMING WEEK

SATURDAY, February 5th—
Mozart's Mass in C Minor, Royal Albert Hall, 2.30.
SUNDAY, February 6th—
John Katz on "The Crises of Our Civilisation," Conway Hall, 11.
MONDAY, February 7th—
"Special Delivery," Richmond.
"Storm Over Asia," Everyman. First of series of Russian films.
TUESDAY, February 8th—
Rev. A. Herbert Gray on "The Significance of Huxley's Book, *Ends and Means*," Friends House, 1.20.
Prof. R. McElroy on "America Comes of Age," Dartmouth House, 37 Charles Street, 6.
Sir Richard Gregory on "Science and the Community," Conway Hall, 7.
Lt.-Col. Sir Arnold Wilson on "Isolation," Morley College, 8.
"Othello," Old Vic.
WEDNESDAY, February 9th—
"Don Giovanni," Sadler's Wells.
THURSDAY, February 10th—
Royal Philharmonic Society Concert, Queen's Hall, 8.15.
"The Island," Comedy.
FRIDAY, February 11th—
Alex. Strasser on "Film-making Single-handed," Reimann School, 8.
Dance in aid of Spain, organised by Fabian Nursery, at Suffolk Galleries, Suffolk Street, 8 p.m. to 1 a.m. Tickets 2s. 6d.
Senator Jean Longuet on "France," Essex Hall, 8.30.

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Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

PERHAPS men are never "born out of their age"—left-over Elizabethans, or characters prematurely streamlined to suit "The Shape of Things to Come." If this is so, a nostalgic love of the past, a yearning towards the remote and shining future, are simply signs of a man who at all periods would be a social misfit. He cannot be happy in the present, because he sees all about him the things to which his contemporaries shut their eyes—and so he looks backwards or forwards to a golden age, in which he would have been as ill at ease as he is in the present. To point out that he is a misfit is not to blame, but to commiserate him: his trouble is often that he has too tender a heart, or too much brains, so that he cannot avoid thinking of the remoter consequences of men's acts, instead of gaily pursuing immediate ends. Such a man was the country doctor Astrov, in *Uncle Vanya* (the character I like best of any in Tchehov's plays), who burst out:

> There are fewer and fewer forests, the rivers are drying up, the wild animals are becoming extinct, the climate is ruined and every day the earth is growing poorer and more hideous. Here you are looking at me with irony, and all I say seems to you not serious—and perhaps I really am a crank. But when I hear the rustling of the young copse planted by my own hands, I realise that the climate is to some extent in my power, and that if in a thousand years man is to be happy I too shall have had some small share in it. . . . Probably the truth of the matter is that I am a crank.

Yes, Astrov was right, not merely about the climate, but about himself. He was a crank. The habit of getting drunk at intervals and growing a large and foolish moustache, which was enough to purge the gloom of most of his acquaintances, did not suffice for him: he had to make maps showing the gradual disappearance of the forests with elks and wild swans and capercailzies, and the gradual impoverishment of the Russian people, due to "inertia, ignorance, complete lack of understanding." He was wrong, however, in thinking that the cause was "too severe a struggle for existence," since the most powerful incentive to rapid spoliation in the world is the prospect of great riches.

* * *

What Astrov felt about the destruction of forests, John Byng, the author of *The Torrington Diaries* (Vol. IV, Eyre and Spottiswoode, 18*s*.) felt about the enclosures in England at the end of the eighteenth century. A hatred of the land-grabbing, money-grabbing, spirit of his age, as he thought (really the spirit of all ages), is the eccentricity which would have distinguished him from the men of his time, and his class whatever his time and whatever his class happened to have been. He was touring England in 1794—the year in which Blake was etching the *Songs of Experience*—and though Byng was entirely without genius, he too might have written:

> I mark in every face I meet,
> Marks of weakness, marks of woe.

As it was a visit to the Duke of B(edford)'s kennels produced the following:

> Now as some people may be so ignorant as not to know what a fox-hound kennel is, I will explain to them that it consists of various well-built buildings of brick, with strong good doors and well tiled; that there is a kitchen, boilers and coppers, that coals and straw are laid in; milk also is supplied in great abundance. This grand building is built close to the churchyard; that they may be listen'd to during divine service. The dog kennels for these noble animals proudly overtops those miserable mud hovels erected for the sons of Adam; who looking, askance, with eyes of envy at the habitation of these happier hounds, regret their humanity and that they were not born foxhounds. . . . Being born, being bred a gentleman, I feel I always was and that I ought to be an aristocrat: but in good faith, they won't let me continue one.

* * *

He records miserable poverty in the Midland villages of Huntingdonshire and Bedfordshire. Eltisley, on the road between St. Neots and Cambridge, was a place so deplorable as to be unmatched in Britain:

> Are we to be fighting for the wrong of France? Are we to preserve Holland? Are we to think of nothing but trade—and to brag of our numerous ships? When our land is desolate, our poor oppress'd, and the interior of a country threadbare, to furnish a tinsel fringe—an exterior of trade. To two human male beings—whose nakedness was not concealed by rags, I gave my loose halfpence—and never had they possessed before such treasure! Covering for head and feet they had never known! Meat and fuel being unknown, but few children can be reared; and who would strive to rear them?

It was admittedly one of Byng's bad days. On his return from this ride, "to add to my gloom, the general and his lady—in all pomp approached—on the way to her seat in Lincolnshire. Nothing could disconcert me more than seeing him." But even allowing for his particularly gloomy state of mind, Eltisley must have been very different from its present state. It was the effect of the Enclosure Acts, destroying the small yeoman class, which appalled Byng. He had, of course, no idea whatever of the enormous changes that were rushing to engulf the world he knew, and utterly transform it within a generation. That was the "tinsel fringe of trade"—and he took for granted that a settled state of equilibrium was one of the requisites of human happiness. It is difficult to say whether he was right in this, as mankind has been changing its habits and its standards of living so extremely rapidly for so many hundreds of years. But it seems probable that human energy is too great to allow of any settled equilibrium being tolerable except in very sparsely inhabited countries, out-of-the-way islands, etc.

* * *

Byng's pessimism increased with years, and was perhaps increased in the last tour by the presence of Mrs. Byng, in bad health, and no doubt bored by his society. On the other hand, the presence of his son Frek was the cause of his greatest happiness. They went rabbiting together and rode out all round Eaton Socon, still a charming centre, visiting all the churches and ancient buildings they heard of. There were very happy days fishing in the Ouse. Taking Mrs. Byng with them, they would drive to Huntingdon, where they met Mr. Brown, M.P. (whom the reader may not recognise as Capability Brown, the landscape gardener), who had been elected to keep the seat warm for Lord Sandwich's son.

> Elections are certainly of some use as affording lessons of humility and civility to a proud lord.

Nothing is more striking than the future Lord Torrington's dislike of the peerage. He was delighted when the inn he was staying in was so full that the Duke of Hamilton had to lie on the parlour floor. "He is a low fellow, and there let him lie." His reason for making these tours, when he was able to get away from his work at Somerset House, was not only a great curiosity about places, and a love of seeing ancient buildings, but a hatred of fashionable life and ostentation. Nothing much after the reign of Elizabeth seems to have appealed to him.

> Kimbolton House is a wretched dreary thing—not improved by former Dukes of Manchester, nor likely to be improved by the present drivelling Duke.

He was equally disappointed by another of Vanbrugh's works: Grimsthorpe. His taste was purely for the romantic: "a well-constructed heap of ruins" erected in the grounds, with a fake inscription, pleased him, though not as much as genuine antiquity. It is his mood which makes him so pleasant a companion: the disillusioned mood in which he records that his bitch Fancy had pupped a cargo of ten mongrels, "so much the better as they will be quickly destroyed," or in which he describes himself one evening:

> After supper, I walked forth to take a peep at the moon; and was not displeased at hearing the Skuttling of Lovers; most comfortable in summer for the poor, who come forth with the Butterfly for a little Buz. But couches and candles do better for the Rich than these squeakings of chilled conceit in our half-warm'd climate. Luckily I had a coal fire to return to.

There are more of Byng's sketches in this last volume than before. The index is good.

DAVID GARNETT

H. G. WELLS

THE BROTHERS

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NEW NOVELS

You Make Your Own Life. By V. S. PRITCHETT. *Chatto and Windus.* 7s. 6d.

This Man Murray. By WILLIAM CORCORAN. *Dent.* 7s. 6d.

The Gold Train. By WALTER DURANTY. *Hamish Hamilton.* 7s. 6d.

Thirteen o'Clock. By STEPHEN VINCENT BENÉT. *Heinemann.* 7s. 6d.

Rule Britannia. By RUPERT CROFT-COOKE. *Jarrolds.* 7s. 6d.

The Mother. By SHOLEM ASCH. *Routledge.* 7s. 6d.

I am less afraid of over-praising Mr. Pritchett's new volume of short stories than of failing to convey their really remarkable quality. He is one of the happy authors who can establish in a few lines of dialogue both the social sphere and the individual tang of their characters. The first story in his book, "Sense of Humour," deserved the salvo of applause which greeted it when it appeared in a volume of *New Writing*: fresh, original, complete, and true, it sticks in your memory long after you have finished it. A commercial traveller gets to know the girl behind the cash-desk of a provincial hotel, an Irish girl with a "sense of humour." The author catches the tune of their preliminary banter with the precision of Cecil Sharp collecting a folk song:

> "Lord, I'm fed up with this line," she said.
> "What line?" I said. "The hotel line?"
> "Yes," she said. "I'm fed right up to the back teeth with it."
> "And you've got good teeth," I said.
> "There's not the class of person there used to be in it," she said. "All our family have got good teeth."
> "Not the class?"
> "I've been in it five years and there's not the same class at all. You never meet any fellows."

The inconsequential zig-zag of talk has been noted before, but hardly so economically as that, so surely, so truthfully. While they gossip, and without a word of description, a whole background has sprung up behind them: houses, people, garages. They go to the pictures, and a stray remark of Muriel's brings her before us like a close-up: she says, "Some girls have no pride once the lights go down." And when the traveller takes her over to see his family, they too reveal themselves casually and without effort. His father is an undertaker:

> "The whole business has changed so that you wouldn't know it, in my lifetime," said my father. "Silver fittings have gone clean out. Everyone wants simplicity nowadays. Restraint. Dignity," my father said.
> "Prices did it," my father said.
> "The war," he said.
> "You couldn't get the wood," he said.

You see how fine an ear he has for the speech of lower middle-class England. That is delightful in itself, but it is only the beginning of his equipment. That he can guess people's thoughts and emotions as accurately as he observes their behaviour and speech is evident from this story, and from many others too. Socially, the most interesting is "The Scapegoat," which tells of the rivalry and hatred of two adjacent East End streets—"the truth is that you can't live without enemies and the best enemies are the ones nearest home": a disagreeable truth which deserves the attention of sociologists. The two poverty-stricken communities fling themselves with competitive passion into collecting fantastic sums for Jubilee decorations. No doubt the representatives of the Conservative press drove sleekly past the little side streets and recorded in moist prose the loyalty of "even the poorest among us." Pritchett was there too; but he was on foot and the only moisture in his writing is the sap of life. It permeates ten or a dozen out of the fourteen stories in this book; and since there is no space to discuss the admirable conduct of a dozen stories, I invite the reader to test the quality of his descriptive writing from a single sample—the last for which room can be made on the counter. The scene is the waiting room in the X-ray department of a hospital:

> The door opens and in comes a woman who knows what she is doing, walks straight to the bench, gives it a whisk with a newspaper, sits down and puts her bright pop eyes into the *Daily Mirror*, and hums. . . . She has come to stay. But she is only the harbinger of a richer disturbance. Far doors are heard swinging. The curtains suck in and belly out wide, a warm cyclone is coming. Nurses scatter to the walls, and suddenly there appears with great strides a tall red-haired doctor, fat, whiskered and gleaming, cannibal, with his white coat flying behind him and out of it great legs leaping with the gusto of striped tigers. He dashes through the sun, a hand covered with golden hairs shoots out of his sleeve, back flies the swing door and he is gone, the spices of the Indies with him. Thermometers have risen. But when the air has settled again the nurse comes . . .

Pritchett's last novel, *Dead Man Leading*, was a trance-like picture of the South American jungle. In *You Make Your Own Life* he returns home to what I believe to be his true field, the everyday life of England. Our realists (Wells, Bennett) have usually been resourceful, sinewy fellows not much troubled by poetic sensibility. If Pritchett can reconcile his poetic, ironic realism with the tiresome exigencies of a plot, what a book we shall have.

One other book on my list has the stamp of complete honesty. William Corcoran calls his brief novel "an American love story"; and it is by its simplicity that it moves us, and its refusal to tamper with anything, to pretend that motives are more complex, people better (or worse) than they are. Joe Murray is (in the true, not the slang, sense) a regular fellow, who falls in love with a Polack called Helen and sees her, three weeks before their wedding, run over by a train before his eyes. After that he drifts around the country, always sure of a job, neither mournful nor morbid, but just indifferent and unwilling to be touched on the raw spot of his loneliness. He befriends another girl called Terry against her hateful family, a small persistent creature who goes straight for what she wants and coaxes him into marrying her; their life is perfectly easy together, without tension or nerves, until the slump sweeps over their small contentment. Then Joe loses his job, leaves her to find a job elsewhere, loses that too, plays for a moment on the edge of crime, sinks deep into miserable dreams about the dead Helen; on the brink of despair discovers that it is not the beloved dead ideal that he needs but the living companionship of his living wife. That is the author's slight, unassuming moral. "The main thing behind it all is not to be alone. To be alone is to be queer and out of life and the running, and the young people know that better than anybody." Only a wise man can tell the truth about ordinary people without pretence or condescension; and Mr. Corcoran is a wise man whose book quietly affirms the existence of goodness and sanity in a mad and wicked world. There are not many novels that could be read the day after the Barcelona air-raids without producing an impression of unbearable triviality. This could.

With Mr. Duranty the standards of artistic honesty suffer a slight set-back. *The Gold Train* is a collection of Russian stories, mostly about the early days of the Soviet regime; and they strike me, who have, it is true, no personal experience of Russia, as worked up, commercial, with here and there an exact piece of observation, but only where it happens to fit in with the author's tight little scheme. Nor do I care for his air of "now I'll tell you a modern fairy tale"; there is in these stories too little preoccupation with human nature and too much eyeing the audience to see how we take it. In the day-to-day life of Russia there are a hundred things we should like to know, and Mr. Duranty puts us off with Tales of Mystery and Adventure.

Nor is Mr. Benét much more than a competent craftsman. *Thirteen o'Clock* is another collection of short stories, some fantastic, some historical, some modern. "The King of the Cats" is about a great conductor with a tail, who becomes the rage of New York, turns into a cat, and vanishes. Of course, the mere synopsis of any fantasy sounds silly, but Mr. Benét lacks the satirical touch that can clothe the fantastic bones with acceptable flesh. And when he treats an everyday theme he writes like a parody of all the post-Hemingway authors in America:

> Everybody was so nice and considerate and understanding. Everybody was so nice and intelligent and fine. Don't misunderstand me. It was wonderful, being with Lisa. It was new and exciting. And it seemed to be wonderful for her, and she'd been unhappy with Jim. So, anyway, that made me feel less of a heel, though I felt enough of a heel, from time to time. And then, when we were together it would seem so fine.

In *Rule Britannia* Mr. Croft-Cooke has hit upon an excellent idea: English social and family life seen through the eyes of a French boy spending a month in England on the exchange system. He plants his Raoul in a well-to-do Beckenham milieu, and gets some excellent and salutary fun out of the various activities in which he is permitted to join. The account of a pub-crawl, complete with professional funny man, is horribly veracious; and there is a good parody of a Left-wing satirical poem, recited at a party whose hostess was "*trying* to get Victor . . . and Ethel

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★ An extended study of the whole problem of criminal treatment—theories of punishment, detailed accounts of English prisons, proposals for reform. 'Invaluable for all those who desire to follow the passage of the Prison Reform Bill—abounds with interesting comment and useful suggestions.'—*Harold Nicolson: Daily Telegraph.* 'The great value of this book lies in its first-hand information.'—*Times Literary Supplement.* 12/6

NEW NOVELS

The Property of a Gentleman — RICHARD ULLMANN
'Recalls Galsworthy.'—*Daily Telegraph.* 'To the last page he retains a firm grasp of his unusual materials.'—*Glasgow Herald.* 8/6

The Showman — ANNE MEREDITH
A fine story of circus life by the author of *The Gambler.* *Just published.* 8/6

A Stranger Myself — J. A. COLE
By the author of *Come Dungeon Dark.* *Just published.* 7/6

Mannin . . . and just possibly Joad. But I don't think she'll manage that."

The Mother, too, has a good theme, the arrival in America of a whole family of emigrant Polish Jews. The treatment is interesting and honest, but it is marred by two faults. In the first place the author, failing to make of the mother herself quite the impressive, matriarchal figure we expect, branches off half-way through into a stereotyped romance between one of the daughters and a young sculptor. In the second place he indulges in a quite maddening prolixity. Thus, on page 56 we read: "For her Henoch's books had the same significance which the Thora had for her mother"; and, four lines further down: "What her father meant to her mother when he read from Holy Scripture, that did Henoch mean to Deborah when he read his books to her." We are accustomed to repetition and parallelism in Hebrew poetry; it is time to protest when it invades the sphere of fiction.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

CRIME AND PUNISHMENT

Crime and the Community. By LEO PAGE. *Faber.* 12*s.* 6*d.*
Prison From Within. By RICHARD HARVEY. *Allen and Unwin.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

The first thing to understand about the treatment of crime in England is that there is no damned logic or consistency or principle about it. We have prisons that were built at a time when the only object was, while spending as little as possible, to hurt the prisoner so much that he would rather starve than come back. And we keep these buildings though every competent official and experienced sociologist knows that the retributive and deterrent system is grossly wasteful as well as stupidly cruel. We keep these buildings even while we import reformative ideas which simply cannot be realised in such surroundings. It is only possible to "reclaim" or "reform" with small prisons and a good deal of individual attention, utterly impossible in a prison with 800 or 900 old lags. We are in a muddle: a deterrent prison is not compatible with a scientific treatment just because it is not deterrent: it is the deterrent prison that makes the recidivist. It fails to deter because men are not rational, Benthamite creatures—the theory in vogue when these prisons were built—and they come back to these prisons because under this system their capacities for living an honest life, even if they want to, are impaired. If we want to train men to return to civil life we must increase, not destroy, their self respect, and have them long enough in prison to learn a trade; nor must their conditions be so servile that they are unable, when they get out, to stand on their own legs. At present it often happens that even those who have learnt to work in prison lack the confidence, when they are released, to work without the warder's supervision. These things are now agreed among competent people, but not understood by a great mass of conservative opinion which does not want to invest money in sensible penal methods. Hence the present curious mixture. We have some admirable institutions, prison camps which are as intelligent and hopeful as the Russian camp at Bolshevo, started by officials who have to experiment almost in secret, hiding their light under a bushel, lest the *Daily Mail* should see it, doing good by stealth and waiting till some Home Secretary—I hope Sir Samuel Hoare—will tell the truth to the public It would save money to spend the capital on clearing away the old fortresses and further classifying prisoners, sending them to smaller institutions adapted to their particular kind of crime, age and mentality. Until this is done many of the other reforms now being introduced are only half useful. What advance can you make, for instance, while you mix up mental cases, who ought to be in separate institutions, with sane men to whom you are trying to teach a trade?

Some advance has, of course, been made in classification. Borstal was the beginning; women are separately treated, and so are convicts; star prisoners are given a chance and kept from the old professionals. But there is still a shocking mixture in the local prisons, and prisons like Pentonville and Wandsworth are still used for recidivists of all sorts and possibilities serving sentences of any period up to three years. Mr. Richard Harvey's *Prison From Within* is not one of the most exciting of prison books, and it is stiffly written. But those who are interested in our existing prison muddle will find his account of Wormwood Scrubbs—certainly one of the better prisons—useful and suggestive. We have had startling books about convict prisons; it is time the public knew something of the earlier stages of the road to Dartmoor.

These general criticisms of the confusion of our treatment of prisoners to-day may all be found, with many others and with some excellent constructive suggestions, stated with both clarity and caution, in Mr. Leo Page's excellent book. Mr. Page has taken great pains to do his job thoroughly, has personally visited a number (though not quite enough) of our prisons, and writes with the advantages of a barrister with long experience of the courts. His comments are sane, unsentimental and constructive. Mr. Page writes with great tact: sometimes his capacity for criticising, in language which could not offend even a Lord Chief Justice, is entirely masterly. He suggests—and who will dare to differ?—that those who send men to prison should have at least a general idea of what is involved in the sentences they pass. To-day there is a large body of available information about the results of prison on different types of men.

Mr. Page quotes in a footnote an extreme case of "judicial ignorance" in 1810 when Lord Ellenborough said that transportation was regarded as a "summer's excursion." Of our present judges he remarks, with a tact I cannot too much admire:

> The undoubted fact that there are individual judges upon the Bench, universally admired for their humanity and their wisdom is an insufficient answer to the suggestion that there should be adequate and systematic instruction, or preparation for this branch of their judicial duty, in the case at any rate of all new appointments. It is anomalous that in this, the most difficult, exacting and responsible of all his functions, a newly appointed judge should be required to possess no guide more formal or more certain than his own scrupulous desire to do right.

When, later in the book, Mr. Page discusses the ignorance of magistrates he is more forthright. For a time he almost loses the practised suavity of the courts and shows, though still with admirable restraint, the natural indignation of a humane and intelligent man at the monstrous sentences which still, in spite of repeated official advice, disgrace our Benches and manufacture a criminal class.

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WHAT THE DOCTORS SAY

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The British Medical Association recently gave official consideration to the whole question. Mindful of the nation's health and of its own duty as representing medical opinion in this country, the Association then passed the following resolution which is now publicly repeated in the national interest:

> *'Only milk complying with the conditions required for the designations "tuberculin tested" or "pasteurized," or preferably both, can be safely consumed without boiling.'*

Abundant evidence shows that pasteurizing milk does not significantly affect its value as food.

The resolution above has since been strikingly reinforced by the Health Organization of the League of Nations which states in its Bulletin 'It is our considered and emphatic opinion that all liquid milk for human consumption should be adequately pasteurized or boiled.'

WHEN WILL ALL MILK BE MADE SAFE?

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Some of the examples he gives of the results of the ignorance and stupidity of the magistrates are simply shocking. The Home Office has been telling magistrates not to send young persons to prison for years; they still do it and the melancholy story of broken lives continues. Another job for Sir Samuel Hoare.

Those who want an introduction to the treatment of crime in England cannot do better than begin with Mr. Page. He has the singular merit of combining humanity with knowledge. Prison reform has been constantly handicapped by the sentimentalism of some reformers who have assumed that you've only got to be "kind" to solve the problem. You need knowledge and intelligence as well as humanity. You need to know something of criminal mentality before you venture suggestions. You may get shocks in learning. A friend of mine who was trying to help discharged prisoners spoke one day to an "old lag" who was due to be discharged in a week. "Well now," he said, "You'll be out soon, Charlie, have you any plans for the future?" "Oh, yes," said Charlie, "I've got two banks and a post-office!"

KINGSLEY MARTIN

ILLUSIONS OF LIKENESS

The Oxford Book of Greek Verse in Translation. Edited by T. F. HIGHAM and C. M. BOWRA. *Oxford Press.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

Translating from one language to another is the finest of all intellectual exercises; compared to it, all other puzzles, from the bridge problem to the crossword, are footling and vulgar. To take a piece of Greek and put it into English without spilling a drop, what pleasurable dexterity! And there is no doubt that the many hands who have been called upon, from Pope to the present day, for the translations now published as the English version of the *Oxford Book of Greek Verse* represent a sum of enjoyment seldom found in one volume. But if the enjoyment of the translators is obvious, how much of that enjoyment do they pass on to the reader?

A great deal, I think. The last ten years have witnessed a welcome decay in pedantic snobbery about dead languages. A knowledge of Greek is no longer the hallmark of a powerful intellectual caste, who visit with housmanly scorn any solecism from the climbers outside it. The dons who jeer at men of letters for getting their accents wrong command no more sympathy than doctors who make fun of psychiatrists or osteopaths; the vast vindictive rages which scholars vent on those who know rather less than themselves seem less legitimate and admirable, like the contempt of people who learnt at some time how to pronounce Buccleuch and Harewood for those who are still learning. The don-in-the-manger is no longer formidable. There was a time when most people were ashamed to say that the *Oxford Book of Greek Verse* required a translation. That time is over. We shall not refer to it again except to say that if people as teachable as ourselves couldn't be taught enough Greek in ten years to construe any piece unseen, as we can with French, or with any other modern language, then that system by which we were taught should be scrapped, and those stern nincompoops by whom we were instructed should come before us in sackcloth and ashes with halters round their necks, like the burghers of Calais.

The book opens with an analysis of Greek poetry by C. M. Bowra which is both compressed and lucid. T. F. Higham follows with an admirable essay on translation. He points out that there have always been two schools of translators whom he calls "Hellenizers" and "Modernists."

> Hellenizers are those who would bring us nearer to the Greek, preserving its more "literal" sense and also, as far as possible, its idiom and metrical character. They win approval, one suspects, not from the wholly Greekless, but from readers who look for guidance rather than for poetry, and are well content if the English avoids offence.
>
> "A poem for a poem" is the creed of the Modernists. English analogues govern their choice of metre, or where none exist, they credit their author, if alive to-day, with a preference similar to their own. . . . Their popularity is more general than that of the Hellenizers, but varies with the fashions of poetic taste.

Higham quotes Browning and Bridges as examples of Hellenists, and FitzGerald and Samuel Butler as Modernists. Cory's *Heraclitus*, which doubles everything that the Greek says once on the grounds that English poetry requires more colour and personality than the original, was modernist, at the time, and so was Gilbert Murray.

Of course, there is right on both sides and more right still in between them. One of the most exquisite lyrics in English is Milton's "What slender youth bedewed with liquid odours," which is a literal word-for-word translation from the Latin, with in addition a very close attention to the original metre. One of the most magnificent odes, on the other hand, is Dryden's "Descended from an Ancient Line," which he intended to make his masterpiece in English, and which is a somewhat free and cursive rendering of Horace. The value of a translation must in the end depend on the poetical power of the translator, on that quality in him which is capable of digesting the emotional content of the original and re-creating it again—such value is found in the translations of Milton, Dryden, Pope, Cowper and Tennyson, in Byron when he takes the trouble, in Eliot when he recasts Dante or Laforgue into lines of the *Waste Land* and *Prufrock*. Yet poets can indulge in huge fallacies, like the fatal idea which deceived Lang and Butcher, and to a less extent Hallam Tennyson, and then Lang again, and Leaf and Myers—the idea that the language in which Homer could be made real to us was the archaic prose of the Bible, of Malory's Morte D'Arthur and the Scandinavian sagas. The result was that generations of schoolboys grew up to whom the racy Mediterranean world of Homer was only visible through a pre-Raphaelite fog in which the Wagnerian shapes of Nordic gods and goddesses moved with archaic unreality. Helen's beauty was easily confused with the Holy Grail, Penelope was a kind of sacred cow and Odysseus a very Christian gentleman. There was an indulgent smile for those scallywags, Samuel Butler and Lawrence of Arabia. Yet, as Higham reminds us, "translators whose names are familiar beyond the scholastic world—Walter Pater, Samuel Butler, T. E. Lawrence—are all modernisers, and careful to regard the genius of the language into which they translate. One may group them roughly under the title of 'men of letters' as opposed to 'scholastics.'"

One result of the Butcher-Lang-Mackail tradition has been slightly to discredit, in the eyes of the editors, translation of Greek poetry into English prose. (The Mackail renderings in this book are all in verse.) "Greek epigrams in prose-translation have been excluded on more debatable grounds," writes Mr. Higham, but he doesn't say what these are. Undoubtedly there is a certain lush monotony in Professor Mackail's prose translations, but the fact remains that prose is surely the best medium, with free verse,

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plain speaking

THE CHOSEN INSTRUMENT

Some people profess to see in the aeroplane a particularly diabolical instrument of war because it can be used against the civil population. In their minds war was a thing for soldiers and sailors who were professionally trained. Presumably their assumption is that soldiers and sailors really don't mind being killed in war. The chance of an early and violent death is one of the articles of their avocation. But the civilian is different, they argue. He has a right to survive such untimely fates and go his way in peace until death in a less calculated form overwhelms him—preferably in bed at a ripe old age.

The aeroplane has upset the comfortable theory that the professional sailor and soldier are paid to be killed so that their brothers and sisters can live in peace.

Thank God it has.

If war had not been so coldly professional, if the politicians, the lawyers, and the merchants had had to take the front line instead of issuing the decrees and taxing the people and meeting the bills of the soldier and sailor in the past, there would be less of this craven fear of the aeroplane, and there would be far less risk of war stalking the world once more.

But now politician, lawyer, merchant, their wives and children are all on the same footing

as the soldier, sailor, and airman. In fact, their footing is not as good, for they have not the means to hit back. And there is nothing so comforting in war as the knowledge that if a fellow shoots at you you can shoot back at him.

The people of the British Isles must be prepared to face the music. All of them! No exceptions. All in it, willy-nilly. So what are they going to do about it?

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for the translation of short lyrics and verse epigrams from Greek. Let us take an example, a drinking catch, No. 234 :

Σύν μοι πῖνε, συνήβα, συνέρα, συστέφανηφόρει,
σύν μοι μαινομένῳ μάινεο, σὺν σώφρονι σωφρόνει

When I am drinking, drink with me,
With me spend youth's gay hours :
My lover equal-hearted be,
Go crowned, like me, with flowers
When I am merry and mad
Merry and mad be you :
When I am sober and sad,
Be sad and sober, too.

Two lines are expanded into a jingle of eight which one wouldn't bother to read if one found them in a cracker—but what is completely missing in the English is the pulse and beat of the original, the echoing " soon " sound. " Drink with me, be young with me, love with me, wear flowers with me, be mad with me in my madness, reasonable when I see reason." The two lines have in reality a solemn, friendly, fuddled trochaic ring. " Comrades, leave me here a little "—if it must be in verse, let it be the verse of Locksley Hall. To my mind the mistake of most translators is that they ignore the real nature of the elegiac couplet, especially in its most common form, the two-line and the four-line epigram. The elegiac couplet does not consist of two lines of equal length, it is a kind of curve, a parabola like those ejaculatory religious poems the Spanish call " *saetas*," arrows fired from the human heart up to God. Tennyson said that the best lyrics had a double curve, like a piece of S-shaped apple rind flung down, or a tress of women's hair ; the elegiac couplet has only one, the hexameter rushes forward with desire, the pentameter subsides in appeasement, the hexameter breaks like a wave, the pentameter is the backwash ebbing away. Consequently translations of the elegiac couplet into blank verse or the heroic couplet or the octosyllabic quatrain, by equalising the length of the lines, destroy the rhythm of the poem. Mr. Higham devotes six very interesting pages to a discussion on how to translate the famous :

Ὦ ξεῖν' ἀγγελλον Λακεδαιμονίοις ὅτι τῇδε
κείμεθα, τοῖς κείνων ῥήμασι πειθόμενοι

Eventually, after an exhaustive analysis of what all the words meant at the time and what they mean now, he arrives at :

Take Lakedaimon tidings, passer-by,
That here abiding by her word we lie.

In leaving the subject he mentions Bowles' translation :

Go tell the Spartans, thou who passest by,
That here obedient to their laws we lie.

It will be noticed that while Mr. Higham's couplet is reversible, Bowles has a cadence not unlike an elegiac by reason of the emphatic monosyllables of the first line, and the pause after " Spartans," which lengthen it to resemble a hexameter. The couplet is not reversible. Most lyrics are distinguished by a kind of tumescence, a note of longing which is there in the poet, and which is absent from epic, choral, or didactic verse. The structure of the elegiac couplet is perhaps the purest expression of it, and such quatrains as " O western wind " or the Spanish *coplas*, the modern verse forms which most resemble them. Where verse does not bring out this curve it is better to use prose instead. Anyone who feels interested might try to translate that couplet of Theognis which is hardly more than a few words breathed in and out, an involuntary sigh :

Οἴμοι ἐγὼν ἤβης καὶ γήραος οὐλομένοιο
τοῦ μεν ἐπερχομένου, τῆς δ' ἀπονισσομένης

I have not read anything like all the translations, but certain facts are even so apparent. There is the excellence of that young translator, Gilbert Highet, who combines what is best in the Hellenizing and Modernist schools, finding the vocabulary of Hopkins convenient for the extravagance of Timotheus, attempting to render the elegiac quality in free verse :

The oriental tree distilling balsam
The last waft of a drooping saffron bloom.

He does the archaistic Oppian into Anglo-Saxon rhythms, translating odes of Alcman and Simonides with grace and sure precision. He is clearly a translator of genius. C. M. Bowra's versions become soon recognisable by their style. He has treated the death of Lycaon admirably as a border ballad, but in general when one comes on verses of Alcaeus, Sappho, Archilochus or Pindar and suddenly feels the presence, not of some schoolroom wraith, some vague Sir Galahad, but of a sensual, fiery, aristocratic Mediterranean poet, breathing over one's shoulder, full of wrongs and passion, one will know that it was Mr. Bowra who so splendidly conveyed him there.

The translations of Mr. Higham are varied and workmanlike, experimental but lacking in poetic intensity. Sir William Marris is also more of a stand-by than an inspiration. I am sorry none of Mr. Yeats' *Oedipus at Colonus* is included, grateful for the interesting fragment from MacNiece's Agamemnon, for R. C. Trevelyan's charming version of Theocritus in the metre of Blake's Prophetical Books, for the delicious prose passage from Pater. *The Oxford Book of Greek Verse* is like a great museum of antiquities. Here is the catalogue, and with it one may wander as one wishes past pieces of archaic charm or ferocity, through halls where lie the friezes and pediments of the great period, into grave portrait galleries, rooms of bronzes and funeral vases, and finally among much late bric-à-brac of incidental beauty, right up to examples of Byzantine virtuosity or graceful Hellenistic decay.

CYRIL CONNOLLY

QUEEN VICTORIA

Further Letters of Queen Victoria. Edited by HECTOR BOLITHO. *Thornton Butterworth.* 15s.

Now that the Victorian Age has become picturesque, an absurdly sentimentalised picture of the Queen herself is becoming popular. Out of the many scenes from her life dramatised by Mr. Housman, only those are acted that show her in a favourable light, while Mr. Ross Williamson's *Mr. Gladstone*, which presented a less pleasing portrait, has been refused a licence by the Lord Chamberlain. The Editor of this new volume of her letters suggests in his Preface that Lytton Strachey inaugurated the Victorian Revival.

> Up to 1921, when Lytton Strachey's *Queen Victoria* was published, most people thought of Queen Victoria as a dull, domineering woman who had ruled a prudish and hypocritical century. . . . Lytton Strachey's conversion was the beginning of a change. He admitted that he began his book *Queen Victoria* with cynical doubts and that he ended it in a state of respect and praise.

Lytton Strachey was fascinated by the Queen's character, but that he ended his book in what Mr. Bolitho curiously calls " a state of praise " is simply not true. He respected her directness and simplicity, he perceived the imperious vigour of her will, but above all he found her amusing, and his book is almost consistently ironical. He did indeed suggest that she mellowed in later life, but, when he wrote, only the first three volumes of her Correspondence were available. When the six later volumes appeared, he recognised that his portrait of the ageing Queen had been too indulgent. With the years she grew increasingly partisan and self-willed : Disraeli had most unscrupulously encouraged her autocratic velleities ; and, moreover, her prejudices became more obnoxious, because they remained unchanged in a world that had changed and was changing with unprecedented rapidity. But if our increased knowledge of the Queen does not make her more likeable, it adds to the fascination with which we regard her formidable character. Like Dr. Johnson, she is so intensely and invariably herself, that we listen with interest to her slightest utterance. Mr. Bolitho, therefore, deserves sincere gratitude for having excavated from the Charlottenburg Archives these new letters from her so expressive and indefatigable pen. His notes are useful, but it is regrettable that he has felt obliged to make frequent omissions. Most of the letters are to Augusta of Prussia, some are to her father-in-law, Frederick William IV and her husband, William I, and a few to their son, Frederick III and his wife, the Princess Royal. They have been remarkably well translated by Mrs. Pudney and Lord Sudley, though their style is more literate, and we note with a surprise amounting almost to incredulity that very few of the words are underlined.

There is one letter only that astonishes, a letter in which the Queen shows an unexpected self-knowledge and candour. She is writing from Balmoral in 1856 to Augusta to sympathise with her in her loneliness after the marriage of her daughter Wiwy.

> With me the circumstances are quite different. I see the children much less, and even here, where Albert is often away all day long, I find no special pleasure or compensation in the company of the elder children. . . . Only very exceptionally do I find the rather intimate intercourse with them either agreeable or easy. You will not understand this, but it is caused by various factors. Firstly, I only feel properly *à mon aise* and quite happy when Albert is with me ; secondly, I am used to carrying on my many affairs quite alone ; and then I have grown up all alone, accustomed to the society of adult (and never with younger) people—lastly, I cannot get used to the fact that Vicky is almost grown up. To me she seems the same child, who has to be kept in order and therefore must not become too intimate.

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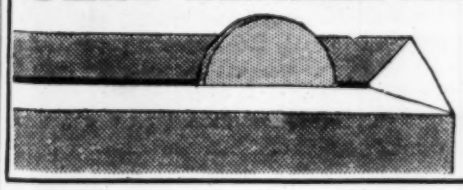

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Next take two extracts from the very touching letters written after the Prince Consort's death.

> Now I feel as though I am dead! . . . I can feel no interest or pleasure, and my one desire is that I may go to him soon, very soon! . . . I try to comfort myself by knowing that he is always near me, although invisible, and that our future union will be even more perfect and eternal! But my nature is too passionate, my emotions are too fervent, and I feel in sore need of someone to cling to securely, someone who would comfort and pacify me! The longing for intercourse, the desire to see and hear him, to throw myself into his arms and find peace and security there (as was the case for twenty years), all this is too frightful and galls me day and night.
>
> Every evening comes the terrible return home, which is so agonising to me! The house is empty, quiet, desolate! Where is he? I still listen in the hope that he may yet come in, his door may open and his angelic form will and must return, as so often before, from his shooting. I could go mad from the desire and longing!

The extraordinary heat of the Queen's passion for her husband is perfectly balanced by the extraordinary coldness of her feelings for her children. It is fascinating to see that the great Matriarch was by nature so much of a lover, so little of a mother; and we understand why her eldest son, when a man of over fifty, was seen pale with terror before entering her presence. The perpetual gush of self-pity, the delight in the trappings of woe, the enjoyment of pulling a long face for its own sake—all of them disquieting features of her correspondence—are seen more clearly than ever to be the pathological, though pathetic, refuge of an uncommonly passionate woman, whose emotions had somehow to be indulged. In these letters we get, of course, "the dear remains" and even "the dear coffin," as well as "dear Lord Beaconsfield." There is even a letter (incomplete) about John Brown's death.

> I feel terribly depressed, and get more so instead of less, for I miss my faithful, kind friend and constant companion more and more at every turn, especially just now, when I so greatly need his care and strong arm. I enclose a photograph of him, but will send more later, as I think you would like to have them as reminders of so many happy hours spent together. . . . I am sending the photograph unframed, as it is easier to pack. Perhaps you will have it framed and put up where you can sometimes look at it.

There is not anything unusual, still less anything absurd, about an elderly lady's devotion to an old servant, but was there not an excess of self-centredness in supposing that the Empress Augusta would be likely to want in her apartments a framed photograph of the venerable gillie?

The political letters are less interesting. Already in 1852 she has no hesitation in confiding to the King of Prussia her low opinion of her Ministers:

> Your Majesty will have wept bitter tears with the rest of Europe on hearing of Lord Palmerston's retirement from my Cabinet! I pray that the public here will understand that England's rational policy was not correctly expressed in his interpretation of it!

(Does not "the public *here*" mean "the public in Germany"?) And in 1884 she writes to the Crown Prince: "In spite of all my efforts I cannot prevent my Government from committing the grossest acts of folly." There are two letters, to Augusta about visits from Napoleon III and his Empress: the enthusiasm, intended to give little pleasure in Prussia, with which the Queen writes is tempered in one sentence only, about the Empress: "Until the last day she never came down to breakfast!"

The letters in this volume include attempts by the Queen to preserve peace both in Europe and in the Prussian Royal Family. I think that their high interest has been made clear by the above extracts, to which I will add one more. This letter to Augusta is written from Osborne in 1868:

> Mr. Disraeli has achieved his present high position entirely by his ability, his *wonderful, happy disposition* and the astounding way in which he carried through the Reform Bill, and I have nothing but praise for him.

The italics are the Queen's. RAYMOND MORTIMER

A FASCINATING WORLD

Plants for the Connoisseur. By THOMAS HAY. *Putnam.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

The title of this small volume must not unduly alarm the amateur. True, it is written by a highbrow among gardeners—a man who is not only responsible for the astonishing and admirable displays in the central parks of London, but who presumably has all the resources of Kew at his command, not to mention as much labour, skilled and unskilled, as he thinks necessary to employ. True again, it is unlikely that the amateur will be attracted by the "exasperating race" of the *Cremanthodiums*, which so far have refused to flower even in such luxurious homes as Bodnant or Wisley; or by *Ceanothus spinosus*, which so far has successfully withstood all the blandishments of Kew. On the other hand, no one could fail to be attracted by the numerous photographs, or by certain tempting baits which Mr. Hay spreads to entice the more adventurous spirits of the gardening world. Those who have not grown *Arctotis scapigera*, for instance, will certainly decide to do so after reading Mr. Hay's comments on the ease with which it may be cultivated and the ensuing rewards of "blooms varying from rich red to the most brilliant orange"; or the *Arenaria* called *foliosa*, which apart from being quite hardy will supply three separate crops of flower in one year. A step further in adventure, and we come upon *Gentiana cachemerica*, described as a promising species freely raised from seeds; *Venidium fastuosum*, which, judging by the illustration, looks more like the head-dress of a Red Indian than a flower; and the *Meconopses* (relations of the now-famous Blue Poppy), which according to Mr. Hay promise an even richer harvest of new species from the wilds of China and Tibet. It would take a bold amateur to tackle *Primula sonchifolia*, but even here, as Mr. Hay encouragingly remarks, "it is much too early to class it among the impossibles."

Then there is the romance of plant collecting, to which Mr. Hay is fully alive. With a relish agreeable to discover in so fastidious an expert, he relates various incidents as entertaining as they are picturesque. Rightly does he observe that perhaps no future generation of plant lovers can hope to see so many new species introduced as have the present and past generations, but do we always realise the patience, enterprise, and ingenuity which have brought them to our gardens? There is the scarlet *Nomocharis*, discovered by Farrer in a now almost inaccessible part of Burma, which had to be subsequently collected by two native soldiers provided with replicas of the flower made in silk by a London milliner. There are Wallich's specimens from Nepal, which owing to the forbidden character of the country when Wallich was there in 1820, had to be brought to him by pilgrims returning to Katmandu from the shrines and temples of Gossian Than. There is the poppy, *Papaver Macouni*, never able to escape except through the agency of man from its native little island in the Behring Sea. And there are the seeds and plants sent to England by the order of Indian princes. It is a fascinating world into which one plunges, and the records of some of the great collectors provide reading as poetical and adventurous as any true narrative of hazard in a romantic cause. V. SACKVILLE-WEST

ECONOMISTS AND EMPLOYMENT

Introduction to the Theory of Employment. By JOAN ROBINSON. *Macmillan.* 4*s.* 6*d.*

Consumers' Credits and Unemployment. By J. E. MEADE. *Oxford University Press.* 5*s.*

Economists have never been very popular with the public. One reason for this, though certainly not the only one, is the negative, rather parental role which they have so often seemed to play. Hopeful reformers submitted attractive projects. Economists always seemed to find something wrong with them. It was all too like the Victorian father with his "Give the children what they want and they'll only go and overeat themselves or burn the house down!"

In some respects, no doubt, this source of unpopularity will remain. There will always be occasions when people have to be told that they can't have their cake and eat it too. But in one sphere at any rate the position has changed. In the matter of employment policy most economists have abandoned the part of the heavy father and are now playing with evident enjoyment the role of fairy godmother.

This change in attitude is primarily due to the influence of Mr. J. M. Keynes. But the book in which the basis of the new policy was most fully worked out—*The General Theory of Employment*—was written deliberately for the professional economist and cannot even by him be regarded as exactly light reading. To judge by the correspondence columns of the press, the general public is hardly yet aware of what the arguments are. This is particularly unfortunate because to some extent the success of unorthodox measures is bound to depend on the attitude of the public towards them. Mrs. Robinson has therefore performed a most valuable service in producing a popular version of the Keynesian doctrines. The general reader could not be accompanied by a more admirable

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guide. She writes with incomparable lucidity, she avoids technicalities and she has—to use her own words—"resisted the temptation to address my colleagues over the heads of the audience for which this book is properly intended." Those awkward terms Saving and Investment, which are always equal and yet are also made equal by changes in Income, may still cause trouble. But this is not likely to obscure the main lines of the argument.

Mr. Meade certainly belongs to the same school. He too has been a vigorous protagonist of mitigating depression by public works and banking policy. But he is doubtful whether this alone is adequate. He has therefore worked out a method of maintaining the national income by means of Consumers' "Credits." Mr. Meade discusses hardly at all the economic differences between consumers' credits and other instruments of employment policy: indeed there is really very little economics in his book. The greater part of it is concerned with purely administrative problems about the recipients of the "credits," the imposition of taxes at a certain point to prevent inflation and the precise method by which the whole scheme should be financed.

Schemes of this kind are apt inevitably to appear rather Heath-Robinsonian, and it is easy to point to the political difficulties which this particular one would involve. But if consumers' incomes *can* be maintained by some active policy in the early stage of depression without the very attempt to do so producing unfavourable reactions on investment and therefore on income as well, there is everything to be said for such a policy. Mr. Meade's discussion of the problem is therefore very welcome. The more the general public can be made to realise that policies of this kind are perfectly "natural," provided there are safeguards against their abuse, the better the chance of their success.

From one point of view, I suppose both Mr. Keynes and the authors of these two books would be regarded as optimists. They believe strongly in the possibility of turning a depression into a boom through State intervention. But from another angle they are pessimists. They do not believe in the possibility of *stabilising* the boom at all. "It is impossible," writes Mrs. Robinson, "to get rid of the bad features of investment without sacrificing the good features, and to stabilise trade by means of eliminating booms would merely be to enforce a permanent slump." Naturally if the intervention can be applied rapidly and with sufficient vigour to counteract the immensely powerful deflationary forces at work in the depression, and if private investment will begin again within a reasonable time, the chances of practically stabilising employment would not be too bad. But the "Ifs" are pretty big ones. The Socialist is likely to draw the conclusion that a policy of planned investment with the major industries of the country nationalised, together with an appropriate monetary policy, offers in the long run a better method both of achieving and maintaining full employment.

HUGH GAITSKELL

SHORTER NOTICES

The Diary of Selma Lagerlöf. By HERSELF. *Werner Laurie.* 8s. 6d.

This, the third volume of Selma Lagerlöf's diaries of childhood, is as delightful and personally written as the others. Though personal it is unegotistic. Only halfway through the present volume are we reminded of the lameness which must have played an important part in forming her character. But to stress, as the publisher does, the book's "unconscious" charm is really to underrate Selma Lagerlöf's gifts as a writer, even at the age of fourteen. Her account of a journey to Stockholm, of falling in love with a student she talks to in the train, of walks, English lessons, parties, a carnival, a visit to the morgue, is simple and exact in a way most adult writers would envy. Without describing her brother Daniel, for example, she makes us feel the relationship between them—touchy and proud on his side, loving and timid with a trace of amused irony on hers—so well that if we had read no other work of hers than this we should recognise in her a born novelist. She herself, plain, modestly self-critical, eager and intelligent, is as charming on paper as she must have been in life.

A Mirror to Geneva: Its Growth, Grandeur and Decay. By GEORGE SLOCOMBE. Illustrated with drawings by KELEN. *Cape.* 10s. 6d.

For those who like their foreign affairs served up with a piquant sauce of human interest Mr. Slocombe has provided a succulent dish. The ingredients of Geneva *à l'humaine* are those that one would expect: Smuts, Cecil, Nansen "the visionaries," Beneš, Herriot, Macdonald, Briand, Chamberlain, Stresemann, Arthur Henderson, "the Martyr," Litvinoff, etc. These *obbligato* pen-pictures are preceded by a neat sketch of Sir Eric Drummond, presented at a *déjeuner intime,* in the garden of a celebrated restaurant in the Bois de Boulogne where, with two Frenchmen and an American, he was engaged in preparing the agenda for the first meeting of the League Council. The *cuisine* is admittedly first class—of its kind: but it is one of those over-spiced concoctions which, after a little while, become cloying to the palate. Still, in view of the phenomenal success of "Inside Europe," there is, presumably, a public which laps up this kind of fare. Only Mr. Slocombe should not let his imagination run away with him, as, for instance, in his description of Captain Eden ten years ago, "arrived in politics *via* Eton and the Guards . . . agreeable, handsome, blond-haired, with good shoulders and a friendly blue eye, a pleasant young Guards officer's fair moustache, and that unmistakably and invincibly British air of wearing the world's troubles lightly and shaking them off as a dog shakes off water." In 1927 Anthony Eden may have been Nordic-looking; but he was certainly never in the Guards. He was a Captain in the K.R.R.

Conquest of the Past. By HUBERTUS VON LOEWENSTEIN. *Faber.* 15s.

Hubertus von Loewenstein gained a certain reputation in the last years of the Weimar Republic as the "Red Prince," and in this book he tells the story of his princely upbringing in Austria and subsequent conversion to a mystical Republicanism which made him at once a member of the Centre Party and of the Reichsbanner, dreaming of a new Holy Roman Empire of free Germans. His autobiography could have been fascinating, had it not been spoilt by an inveterate romanticism which blurs the distinction between fact and fiction until it is impossible to know whether the incidents related occurred inside or outside the princely brain. *Conquest of the Past* is, however, a curiosity which students of post-war German history might well collect. It is fragrant with that strange aroma of self-abnegatory hysteria which hung round the upper classes in the slump period, and which led them to indulge in strange cults, escapist dreams, and hectic political activity. The last section of the book, which is in the form of a diary of the years 1931–3, is particularly interesting for the sidelights it gives on the bankruptcy both of the Social-Democrats and of the Communists. Prince von Loewenstein entered the lists to defend the Republic when the Republic was already irreparably damaged. It is no fault of his that his story is one of futile endeavour and pathetic defeat.

I Wanted to Travel. By JOHN GIBBONS. *Robert Hale.* 12s. 6d.

John Gibbons was a reader in the British Museum who became weary of reading of other people's wanderings, and who became an addict of Baedeker and the Continental time-tables. His chance came when his wife asked him to walk to Lourdes. He did it, and this adventure of a "middle-aged and middle-class London suburbanite" became "news." Since then he has been wandering the face of the earth on advances made by ever-hopeful publishers, and punctually turning out travel books. The quality of a book like this depends not so much on the strangeness of the things seen as on the character and likeableness of the observer. Mr. Gibbons is still delighted by his good fortune in being able to travel, he has no illusions about himself as a writer (and consequently spares us the purple passages), and he has a habit of mild irony which is very engaging. *I Wanted to Travel* is half-straightforward narrative of travel, and half the autobiography of a man who got what he wanted when he least expected it. Mr. Gibbons is sufficiently romantic to help a man who had escaped from the Foreign Legion and critical enough to report how much the man's far from pleasant story of escape embarrassed him in his own home. This book is not the usual "fun for escapists" stuff. There is an ironical intelligence behind it.

Week-end Competitions

No. 413

Set by V. S. Pritchett

A First Prize of Two Guineas and Second Prize of Half a Guinea will be given for the best botanical description, including name and characteristics, of any of the following English flora, in 300 words: Eden, T. S. Eliot, Sir John Reith, Marie Stopes, Aldous Huxley, George Robey, Epstein, Lord Castlerosse, Lord Beaverbrook, Sir James Jeans, Charles Laughton, Hore-Belisha.

RULES—

1. Envelopes should be marked with the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and should be addressed to COMPETITIONS, 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1. Solutions must reach the Editor by first post on Friday, February 11th.

2. Competitors may use a pseudonym. Typescript is not insisted on, but writing must be on one side of the paper only.

3. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves the right to print in part or as a whole any matter sent in, whether it be awarded a prize or not. MSS. cannot be returned. When no entries reach the required standard no prize will be awarded.

4. No competitor is eligible for more than one prize in any one week.

The result of last week's competition will be announced in our next issue.

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RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 411

Set by G. W. Stonier

We offer the usual prizes (Two Guinéas and Half a Guinea) for the best motto in prose or verse for two of the following: policewoman, magistrate, striptease artist, commissionaire, lighthouse-keeper, conjurer, waiter, dramatic critic, minor Royalty, R.A.F. pilot, scoutmaster, street-sweeper, première danseuse.

Report by G. W. Stonier

Roughly three hundred mottoes were sent in. Competitors showed much the same predelictions. They were sympathetic towards waiters, lighthouse-keepers, dramatic critics, conjurers, striptease artists (the audience in this case getting the sneer), street-sweepers, première danseuses; and, in varying degree, contemptuous of magistrates, policewomen, minor Royalties, R.A.F. pilots and scoutmasters. Some (usually the best) preserved a witty neutrality; except when they came to the R.A.F. pilot, seen in his most diabolical aspect. I print first a selection from those who just fail to get a prize.

MAGISTRATE

I know no law; I get no pay.
I sit and judge till Judgment Day.
(Sawdust Asgold.)

Faithful unto death. (Richard Pomfret.)

POLICEWOMAN

My padded feet from street to street
Shall weave the harlot's winding sheet.
(Richard Blomfield.)

Disguise our bondage as we will,
'Tis woman, woman, rules us still.—*Moore.*
(Towanbucket.)

STRIPTEASE ARTIST

The best is yet to be. (G. Ellenbogen).

What's done we partly may compute,
But never what's resisted.—*Burns.*
(Towanbucket.)

Lubricity is the daughter of Convention. (William Bliss.)

It is better to live by exposure on the stage than to die from exposure on the streets. (W. Leslie Nicholls.)

Erotic, or little by little. (Richard Blomfield.)

COMMISSIONAIRE

Always the open door. (A. F. Johnson.)

Lasciate ogni ombrello voi che entrate. (Michael Custance.)

LIGHTHOUSE-KEEPER

Let there be light. (William Bliss.)

"Come up and see me some time." (Leslie Tanouse.)

Lead Kindly Light.—*Newman.* (Alpha.)

WAITER

Ich dien. (Richard Pomfret.)

Break, break, break.—*Tennyson.* (Guy Innes.)

Festina lente. (Richard Pomfret.)

DRAMATIC CRITIC

Much I do about nothing. (E. Phillips.)

Clever critics read between the lines, but wise ones sleep through them. (W. Leslie Nicholls.)

Bright intervals.—B.B.C. Weather Phrase. (Towanbucket.)

MINOR ROYALTY

Less talk
About the Stork. (Sawdust Asgold.)

The little more and how much it is
And the little less and what worlds away—
And I am a proof of this.
(William Bliss.)

Je ne suis pas la rose, mais j'ai vécu près d'elle. (Guy Innes.)

SCOUTMASTER

From pole to pole. (Simplex.)

Each knot learned is a link forged for Empire.
(Richard Blomfield.)

CONJURER

Populus vult decipi, decipiatur.—*Cicero.* (Alpha.)

STREET-SWEEPER

"Remember—the Horse is the Friend of Man."
(Leslie Tanouse.)

I narrowed down those who produced two or more good mottoes to the following five. There is so little to choose that it will be fairest to divide the prizes equally between them.

Striptease Artist: Socks et praeterea nihil.
R.A.F. Pilot: Women and children first.
(Desmond Cooper.)

Minor Royalty: Ex- = 0.
Striptease Artist: One thing at a time.
(Phoenix.)

Policewoman:

Stern daughter of the moral law,
The janitress of venal hearts,
I shun the wifely kitchen for
The guardianship of half-baked tarts.

Striptease Artist:

There's many a slip 'twixt eyes and hips:
It is the naked eye, not I, that strips. (A. P.-R.)

Policewoman: A woman like a butt, and harsh as crabs.—*Tennyson.*

R.A.F. Pilot:

Twinkle, twinkle, little bat:
How I wonder what you're at.
Up above the world so high
Bombing babies from the sky. (Pluto IV.)

Waiter: With bold but detachable front.
Lighthouse-keeper: I beam. (Enid G. Bach.)

CALIBAN'S PROBLEM CONTEST

PROBLEM 266.—A DEAL AT CRIBBAGE

"Give me a problem, Caliban," said Prospero. "Something that will keep me busy over what otherwise would be a dull week-end."

I thought for a moment. Then: "Okay, big boy," I said. "You know the rules of Cribbage?"

"Cribbage? No, I don't."

"Then you can look them up. Then, in addition to solving a problem you'll learn a simple but interesting game."

"Go ahead," said Prospero.

"You are playing six-card Cribbage," I said. "The twelve cards dealt to you and your opponent are the four 6's, the four 5's, and the four 4's. The 'start,' or turned-up card, is a 10. Divide the twelve cards dealt between you and your opponent so that the aggregate attainable score on the deal—your score and his added together—is a maximum."

How should the cards be divided?

PROBLEM 264.—LAWN TENNIS

[*By the Rt. Hon. F. W. Pethick-Lawrence, M.P.*]

This problem has proved extremely popular, and evidently there is scope for others on the same lines. Would any solver care to try his hand at one?

Here is the composer's solution:

The shortest total distance is 543 feet.

There are ten junction points from which lines go in 3 directions. Two of these can be terminals, and the remaining eight can be joined by four tracks covered both going and coming by the marker. The minimum path is where the start is at the foot of one inner side line, the finish at a foot of the other, and the four double tracks consist of the other two end-pieces of the inner side lines and two halves of the service lines. There are several ways in which the marker may be taken round.

The total length of the lines on the court is 4×78ft. $+ 2 \times 36$ft. $+ 2 \times 27$ft. $+ 42$ft. .. .. = 480ft.

And the necessary addition (owing to doubling) is 2×18ft. $+ 2 \times 13$ft. 6in. .. .. = 63ft.

Total .. .. = 543ft.

PROBLEM 263.—THE BRAVEBEARDS

A set of Low's Cartoons goes to: The Hon. R. C. Bigham, 22 Eaton Place, S.W.1.

Six points are awarded.

Caliban Solvers' Dinner. Friday, April 1st. Northumberland Rooms, Grand Building, Trafalgar Square, W.C.2. 7 for 7.30. Morning dress.

"Caliban" solvers and their guests are eligible. Tickets 5s. per head (exclusive of drink) from Miss Kathleen Salmons, 22 Chancery Lane, W.C.2.

PRIZES FOR PROBLEM SOLVERS

A set of Low's cartoons is awarded to the sender of a correct solution selected at random.

In addition, a record is kept of correct solutions sent, and of the points scored weekly by solvers. On attaining 100 points a solver is entitled to a prize consisting of any book (or books) reviewed or advertised in these columns, of a value not greater than 10s. Solvers who have won a prize on this basis are eligible for a second prize on attaining a further 120 points, and for a third prize on attaining a further 150. Solutions must be addressed to CALIBAN, c/o the Editor, and must reach this office not later than Tuesday week following publication of the problem. Solutions to two problems may be sent in one envelope, but on separate sheets of paper.

Some indication should be given of the method of solution.

[U.S.A. Competitors. The Editor regrets that the prizes offered in our Week-end Competitions cannot apply to American competitors.]

CALIBAN

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SOUND PRIVATE INVESTMENT. Detached house, Hampstead (997 yrs.), converted 6 s.c. and up-to-date flats, all let. Price £5,550, yield 8 per cent. net. Owner leaving London. Box 308, N.S. & N.

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CHELSEA. Spacious unfurnished flat to let, 4 bedrooms, 2 reception rooms, kitchen and bath. Completely modernised, electric lift. Constant hot water. Cheyne Walk Estate Agency, S.W.3. FLAxman 5645.

TO LET, Campden Street. Furnished studio-flat. Large studio, bedroom, dining, kitchenette-bath. All-electric. Three months from end of March. Wireless, plate, linen. 3½ *gns.* Box 319, N.S. & N.

AUTHOR wishes rent small cottage within 40 miles London. Southern Counties preferred. Box 315, N.S. & N.

YOUNG man seeks cheap flatlet, central London, or would share. Box 324, N.S. & N.

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Please write on ONE SIDE OF PAPER only.

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HOL. 3216.

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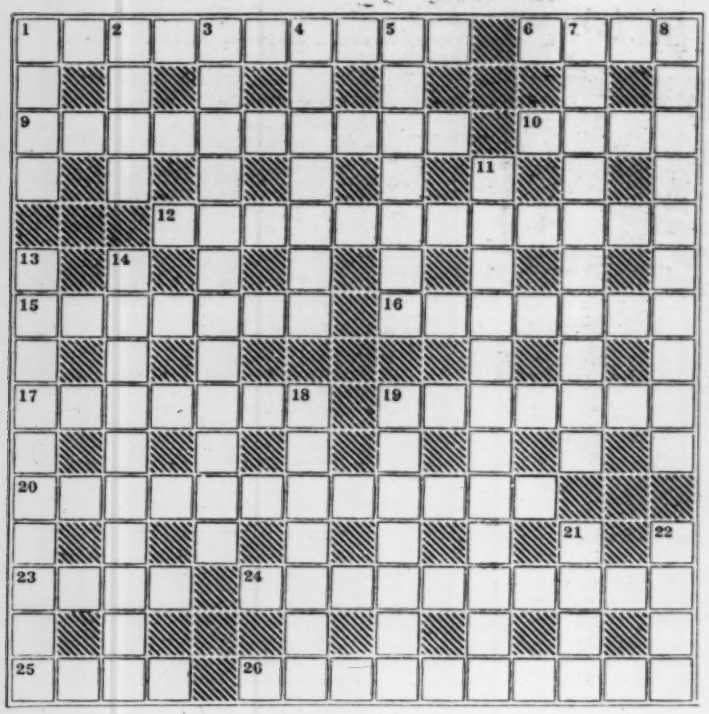
WEEK-END CROSSWORD 413

Books to the value of Five Shillings may be chosen by the sender of the first correct solution opened. Post solutions to arrive not later than first delivery Wednesday following the date of issue, addressed to "CROSSWORDS," 10 Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1.



Set by L.-S

The last week's winner is

Leslie Parkyn, "Larkspur," Sutherland Ave., Biggin Hill, Kent

ACROSS

1. There's often a catch in it at sea. (10)
6. Fish that goes with a swing in America. (4)
9. White lies are only to be expected from them. (10)
10. Will put your nose out of joint. (4)
12. Toppings as it were for those who go west. (12)
15. A potty era? (7)
16. Receptacles for barometric depressions. (7)
17 Uncle cut it up for a vestment. (7)
19. Interval between speeches. (7)
20. Used for seascapes no doubt. (12)
23. Kipling made them subjective in writing. (4)
24. How some other horse is always treating the one we back. (10)
25. Shakespeare's lover was nothing to it. (4)
26. Small description of the wall beneath the paper? (10)

DOWN

1. The speed of hunger. (4)
2. What sweepstake! (4)
3. Completely agreeable. (12)
4. A gifted one, proprietarily speaking. (7)
5. One of the things to which bad weather exposes us. (7)
7. Preparing for a close-up evidently. (10)
8. The job takes the skipper down under. (10)
11. Pleasures for "uninformed" youth. (12)
13. Nowadays it is nearly always piped down. (10)
14. Description of mother having a river bathe. (10)
18. As a result of this the sea gets soiled. (7)
19. The bottle gets bunged up with it. (7)
21. A "healthy" drink, at times. (4)
22. For example, this era. (4)

LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD

M	A	I	N	L	I	N	E	■	S	T	A	M	P	S
A	■	M	■	A	■	I	■	■	■	H	■	O	■	U
G	L	A	D	R	A	G	S	■	H	E	A	T	U	P
G	■	G	■	D	■	H	■	■	■	D	■	O	■	P
O	V	E	R	E	A	T	S	■	C	U	R	R	E	R
T	■	S	■	R	■	L	■	C	■	M	■	C	■	E
■	■	■	■	D	I	S	A	P	P	E	A	R	S	■
O	■	B	■	F	■	G	■	N	■	S	■	R	■	S
F	O	U	R	I	N	H	A	N	D	■	■	■	■	■
F	■	N	■	L	■	T	■	O	■	O	■	F	■	F
D	U	F	F	L	E	■	S	N	O	W	B	A	L	L
R	■	I	■	D	■	■	■	B	■	N	■	E	■	E
I	N	G	R	I	D	■	C	A	R	E	F	R	E	E
V	■	H	■	K	■	■	L	■	R	■	I	■	T	■
E	N	T	R	E	E	■	B	L	I	S	T	E	R	S

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London Amusements

MATINEES

All at 2.30 p.m. unless otherwise stated.

ALDWYCH. Housemaster. Wed., Sat.
AMBASSADORS. Nuts in May. Tu., Fri.
APOLLO. Yes and No. Tues. & Sat.
COLISEUM. St. Moritz. Daily, 2.30.
DRURY LANE. Crest of the Wave. Wed., Sat.
DUCHESS. Time and the Conways. W. & S.
DUKE of YORK'S. Black Limelight. W., Sat.
GARRICK. This Money Business. Th., Sat.
GLOBE. "Robert's Wife." Wed. and Sat.
HIPPODROME. "Hide and Seek." Th. & S.
HIS MAJESTY'S. Balalaika. Wed. & Sat.
LYRIC. Victoria Regina. Wed. & Thurs.
QUEEN'S. Three Sisters. Wed. & Sat.
ROYALTY. I Have Been Here Before. Th., S.
SAVOY. Thank You, Mr. Pepys. S., Feb. 12.
ST. JAMES'S. The Innocent Party. Th., Sat.
ST. MARTIN'S. Autumn. Tues., Fri.
STRAND. Room Service. Thurs. & Sat.
WESTMINSTER. Volpone. Wed., Sat.
WHITEHALL. I Killed the Count. W. & S.
WYNDHAM'S. George & Margaret. W., S.

THEATRES

ALDWYCH. EVENINGS, 8.30. Tem. 6404.
Mats., WEDNESDAY, SATURDAY, 2.30.
HOUSEMASTER
A Farcical Comedy by IAN HAY.

AMBASSADORS. (Tem. Bar 1171).
Evgs., 8.30. Mats., Tues. & Fri., 2.30.
NUTS IN MAY, A NEW COMEDY
MAGDA KUN, PETER HADDON, STEVE GERAY.

APOLLO. (Ger. 2663.) LAST 2 WEEKS.
Evgs., 8.30. Mats., Tues. & Sat., 2.30.
Kenneth Horne's Laughing Success
YES AND NO

COLISEUM, Charing X. Tem. 3161 (7 lines).
2.30 and 8.15 DAILY.
ST. MORITZ
A NOVEL REAL ICE MUSICAL SPECTACLE.

DRURY LANE. 8.15. Mats., Wed. & Sat., 2.30.
IVOR NOVELLO, DOROTHY DICKSON,
MARIE LOHR in
CREST OF THE WAVE

DUCHESS, Catherine St., W.C.2. TEM. 8243.
Evgs., 8.30. Mats., Wed. & Sat., 2.30.
JEAN FORBES-ROBERTSON in J. B. Priestley's
TIME AND THE CONWAYS

DUKE OF YORK'S. Temple Bar 5122. Evgs., 8.30.
Matinees, WED. & SAT., 2.30.
MARGARET RAWLINGS in
BLACK LIMELIGHT

GARRICK. Tem. 4601. 8.30. Mats., Th., Sat. 2.30.
THE DANIEL MAYER COMPANY Present
CYRIL CAMPION'S
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GLOBE. Ger. 1592. Evenings, 8.30 sharp.
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CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

Rates, and all information on page 225

THE WEEK IN THE CITY

By DIVES

CAPITAL ISSUES—'BUS PROFITS—BREWERIES

In spite of dull markets on the Stock Exchange there has been a deal of financial activity in the City this week. The first Corporation loan of the year made its appearance in the shape of £2,000,000 3½ per cent. stock, 1961/66, at 101½ for Bristol. This is half-a-point dearer than the last Corporation loan, and the issue attracted some attention because Bristol had changed its issuing brokers. Next, £1,500,000 3½ per cent. 1952/72 stock at 99 was issued for the London Power Company, and £250,000 3½ per cent. stock, 1963, was placed privately at 100¾ for Burton-on-Trent. All these issues should be well received in view of the prevailing strength of the gilt-edged market. I hear also of a private trust company formed under excellent auspices with the unusual capitalisation of 4 per cent. registered notes and a small equity capital, the intention of the trust being "to make such investments as afford the best scope for recovery" (i.e., capital appreciation). This suggests an interest being taken in Wall Street, which would now be permitted under the new provisions announced by Sir John Simon on Tuesday for the relaxation of the embargo on foreign loans. Greater latitude is now to be given to certain types of foreign issues, namely (*a*) issues on behalf of British borrowers for the acquisition of assets or the development of enterprise in foreign countries, and (*b*) issues involving large blocks of foreign-owned securities (e.g., American holdings in British companies). The embargo will still be strictly applied on loans to foreign governments or municipalities. The City, of course, will be delighted. It will now be possible for finance houses and brokers to purchase American interests in British companies and to refloat these purchases on the London market. New trust companies making issues to the British public will also be able to acquire blocks of American securities. Sir John justified the relaxations in view of the recent strength of sterling, but as there has never been an embargo upon the private export of capital for re-investment in Wall Street, the relaxations will not make a great deal of difference to the balance of payments. Apart from the continuance of control over foreign governmental and municipal borrowing, the discovery of credit-worthy borrowers outside the British Commonwealth and the U.S.A. would tax the ingenuity of issuing houses.

* * *

Providing passenger motor transport must be a highly profitable business. Consider the record of Thomas Tilling. This Company has just distributed to its shareholders a free capital bonus of 25 per cent. in respect of 1937. It did the same in respect of 1935, which in turn followed upon a capital bonus of 100 per cent. in 1934 and of 50 per cent. in 1930. The cash dividend has been maintained at 10 per cent. since 1935. This beautiful record suggests that 'bus fares have been consistently too high or, if they were originally fair, that they have become too high through a steady lowering of the costs of operation. The directors certainly seem anxious, by distributing periodical capital bonuses, to avoid the vulgar necessity of increasing cash dividends, which might call the attention of their passengers to the fact that fares could well be lowered. But the railways will not say anything, partly because they have an interest in the Thomas Tilling group, partly because cheaper 'bus fares would cut into passenger railway fares. So 'bus passengers will continue to pay subsidies to railway passengers, which may or may not be socially moral. The happy shareholders will note that at 57*s.* 6*d.* cum bonus and dividend Thomas Tilling shares yield £4 6*s.* 6*d.* per cent. on the assumption that the dividend will be maintained at 10 per cent. In another year or two another capital bonus will probably be distributed. There is still a general reserve of £1,000,000, which is equivalent to another 25 per cent. bonus, and the company's holding in Tilling and British Automobile Traction (the reason for the present bonus) has not yet been written up to its market value. "Travel by 'bus" is a good slogan for the investor.

* * *

Brewery shares participated in the general dullness this week—largely on disappointment at the absence of any increase in the interim dividends of Watney, Combe and Friary Holroyd, maintained at 6 per cent. and 5 per cent. respectively. The aggregate figures now published, however, of last year's output and consumption of beer are distinctly satisfactory from the point of view of investors in the brewing industry. Production of beer, at 17,853,000 standard barrels, was higher in 1937 than in any year since 1930, and showed a gain of 6.2 per cent. over 1936, in which year a rise of less than 3 per cent. over 1935 was recorded. The quantity retained for home consumption was 17,456,000 standard barrels, an increase on the year of 6.7 per cent. The inference would seem to be that, so far, incipient trade recession has had no adverse effects on demand for beer. After all, the numbers of workers in receipt of wages were, up to the end of 1937, substantially higher than a year ago, and beer drinkers in the mass do not suffer curtailment of purchasing power through depreciation of stock market securities. On the contrary, as recovery spread last year to previously depressed areas, beer consumption—stimulated no doubt to some extent by the brewers' persuasive advertising campaigns—went up with a jump. Writing in these columns eighteen months ago, Toreador pointed out the close correlation in the past between percentage increases in beer consumption and those of breweries' net earnings. This year, owing to increased production costs, the correspondence is likely to be less exact. But leading brewery shares are now obtainable at prices showing a not unattractive dividend yield.

	Last Financial year ended.	Present Price.	Last Earnings. %	Div. %	Gross Yield % on Div.
Barclay Perkins, £1	31. 3.37	30/3	9.7	8	£5 5 9
Bass Ratcliffe stk. ..	30. 9.37	128/3	27.3 net	25 net	£5 4 0
Ind Coope, £1 ..	30. 9.37	109/–	42.1	27½	£5 0 9
Mitchells & Butlers, £1	30. 9.37	90/–	29.2	23	£5 2 3
Taylor Walker stk...	31.12.36	40/3	12.5	10	£4 19 6
Watney Combe, £1 defd.	30. 6.37	75/6	34.0	19	£5 0 9

Meux's Brewery has just declared a final dividend of 7½ per cent., making a total of 11 per cent. (less tax) for 1937—the same as a year ago. The profit for the year, after allowance for N.D.C., amounts to £146,241, as compared with £150,790 a year ago; but in this company's case earnings may have temporarily suffered as the result of considerable public-house re-building in progress.

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Company Meeting

LLOYDS BANK LIMITED

LORD WARDINGTON'S ADDRESS

The Eightieth Ordinary General Meeting of the Shareholders of Lloyds Bank Limited was held on January 28th in London.

Lord Wardington (Chairman of the Bank), who presided, said (in part):

To take the Liabilities side first, the Reserve Fund is now £9,500,000, as compared with £9,000,000 in 1936.

Our Current, Deposit, and Other Accounts stand at £410,000,000, but if it had not been for the unexpected receipt in the last week of the year of some large sums the increase of £4,000,000 would have disappeared, and our deposits would have been below those of last year

Although it would seem to be illogical to estimate the importance of any business by the size of its liabilities, there is no doubt that size has a certain attraction, and it is not unnatural to look with admiration at figures which indicate a great business, and there is the risk that any falling off in these figures may involve the loss of public esteem. However, latterly, we have been actuated by other considerations, and our guiding principle has been to refrain from bidding for deposits by offering higher rates than we thought were economically justified.

Foreign Deposits

Our principal concern was in connection with foreign deposits, that is to say, that large amount of floating capital seeking a temporary home, either with the object of obtaining a safe asylum or a higher return. Money of this character is very unreliable, and is apt to be withdrawn at the shortest possible notice when any scare occurs. For this reason it is essential to keep such a deposit in a liquid form, so that it can be readily returned when called for. Short term methods of employing this money during last year have only been able to command a rate of about a half per cent., the rate of allotment for three months Treasury bills, for instance, during the past half-year averaging no more than 11s. 4d. per cent.

An undesirable result appears to have followed from an undue competition for foreign deposits. A greater demand for bills was a natural consequence, and the Discount Market has again suffered from an inability to extract a living wage from the low rate applied to the discount of bills. The Discount Market is an essential part of London's financial equipment, and of great importance in the composition of its intricate and delicate activities.

On the Assets side the account under the heading of Investments calls for some comment. There has not been much change in the amount, the total being £2,000,000 less than it was last year, but because investments occupy a far more important place than formerly in the utilisation of our assets, I want to take a little time in speaking of our Investment policy.

To illustrate the change which has taken place over a period of years, I should like to call attention to the following figures:—

Average percentage of—	1913	1919	1937
Loans to Total Deposits	54.6	33.8	39.2
Investments to Total Deposits ..	12.1	20.9	28.0
Bills to Total Deposits	11.5	21.8	12.8

A point worth notice is that we have exchanged a considerable proportion of our commercial, private and other borrowers for the Government as borrowers, and it therefore behoves us to see that we have an investment portfolio with scientifically graduated maturities as evenly spread as possible, especially so inasmuch as it is not the habit of Governments in these modern times to repay their loans finally. It is therefore open to argument whether, in the interest of liquidity, the present position can be said to be as satisfactory to the depositors and shareholders as a wide variety of borrowers, many of whom require advances only for seasonal purposes.

We have been able roughly to preserve our usual proportion between short term and medium term Government redeemable securities. Your Directors have adopted this as a sound and essential principle in view of the fact that our liabilities are almost entirely repayable on demand or at short notice.

One of the features of the internal finance of the country at the present time which gives food for serious thought is the ever increasing demand for loans by local government authorities. Indeed, the competition to borrow has been so great that, but for the careful nursing of the market by the Treasury and the Bank of England, interest rates on local government loans would be higher than they are at present.

One can foresee a position of considerable difficulty when local government obligations, running into many millions of pounds, mature, and holders desire to be repaid in cash rather than convert into new issues.

Loans and Advances

The next item of importance amongst our Assets is our Loans and Advances. It is true that it shows an increase compared with last year of over £21,000,000, and the percentage to deposits has risen from 36.7 per cent. to 41.5 per cent., but I ought to point out that a large part of this increase only occurred during the latter end of the year, and the average throughout the year was 39.2 per cent. If the present figure continues through this year our Profit and Loss Account ought to benefit.

From a study of the customary analysis of our Advances we see that there has been a large increase of £9,000,000 under the omnibus heading of "Personal and Professional"; an increase of £2,000,000 under "Engineering"; while "Oils and Fats" borrowed £1,055,000 more, and "Public Utilities" £885,000 more. On the other hand, "Banking Insurance and Finance" required £3,242,000 less, and "Shipping and Shipbuilding" £1,900,000 less. The other differences are comparatively small.

Profit and Loss

Our Profit and Loss Account shows the satisfactory increase of £88,000, all the more satisfactory because it is arrived at after making the new provision for National Defence Contribution, and after providing a substantial sum towards our Superannuation Fund.

Some of you may have hoped that these figures might have prompted us to recommend an increased dividend, but I think on reflection that you will agree with me that there are a sufficient number of factors entirely outside our control which render it desirable not to do anything which suggests that the signals are yet standing at "All Clear." I feel, too, that the staff might legitimately consider that they have a first claim on any increased profits for the restoration of those reductions in the annual increases which they have suffered in recent years.

Trade Outlook

In reviewing the situation last year I had the temerity to utter a word of caution, and to suggest that we ought to take every care to ensure against the activity of our internal trade degenerating into anything which could possibly be called a boom, and that in the second place we should look forward to the time when the chief causes of our internal activity had come to an end and take all possible measures to fill the gap with increased foreign trade.

The events of the past year have, I think, justified what may have appeared to be an unnecessarily cautious attitude on my part. It frequently appears to be the fate of a banker to be in opposition to the existing trend of public opinion, and if last year, when everything seemed rosy, I had my doubts as to the future, so again now, when talk of a recession in trade is somewhat loud and insistent, I see no reason in the fundamentals of our commercial position to apprehend any serious set-back.

Bearing all these things in mind I should like to urge the importance of doing all that is possible not only to keep, but to increase, the volume of our export trade. I think the Government are to be congratulated for following up the Tripartite Agreement by endeavouring to arrange a Trade Agreement between the British Commonwealth and the United States of America, and for their co-operation with Monsieur van Zeeland. Whatever steps may be taken as a result of his report, there can be no doubt of the necessity for securing a greater freedom of movement of goods between all nations. It would be fatal to let our general activity in trade, for which our rearmament programme may be increasingly responsible during the current year, shut our eyes to the necessity of preserving and increasing our overseas markets.

It is so easy to lose them. It is so difficult, once lost, to regain them. The overseas trade figures for 1937 add point to these remarks. Our adverse visible trade balance, with exports of £596,761,000 and imports of £1,029,065,000, is no less than £432,304,000.

In normal years it is easy to exaggerate the significance of an adverse trade balance, but in present circumstances, when so much of our imports of raw materials are being used for the manufacture of armaments, they cannot form the usual basis for subsequent exports, and our final balance of trade for 1937 must inevitably, even after making all allowances, throw exceptional strain on our exchange position.

Chairmen of the big banks have, I see, drawn attention to the importance of our export trade, and the necessity of its preservation, both from the point of view of maintaining employment in the future, and of offsetting the large amount of our imports. I gladly add my testimony to what has been so ably stated on this very material point.

The report and accounts were adopted.

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A Course of four Lectures on "THE ARMY ASPECT OF MILITARY AFFAIRS FROM 1899 TO THE PRESENT DAY" will be given by GENERAL SIR W. EDMUND IRONSIDE, K.C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O. (General Officer Commanding-in-Chief Eastern Command), at KING'S COLLEGE (Strand, W.C.2), on FRIDAYS, FEBRUARY 18th and 25th, and MARCH 4th and 11th, at 5.30 p.m. At the first Lecture the Chair will be taken by Field-Marshal Sir William R. Birdwood, Bt., G.C.B., G.C.S.I., G.C.M.G., G.C.V.O., C.I.E., D.S.O., LL.D. (Master of Peterhouse).
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PEACE PROBLEMS STUDY GROUP will meet on Wednesday, Feb. 9th at 8.15 p.m., at 129 Gloucester Terrace, W.2 (near Lancaster Gate Station). INDIA Evening. Free.

SENATOR JEAN LONGUET, editor of *Le Populaire*, and grandson of Karl Marx, will speak on FRANCE at Essex Hall, Essex St., Strand, at 8.30 p.m. on FRIDAY, FEB. 11th. Tickets (5s., 2s. 6d., 1s.) from N. F. R. B., 37 Gt. James St., W.C.1., or AT DOOR.

SIR RICHARD GREGORY will speak on "SCIENCE AND THE COMMUNITY" at Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, Holborn, on Tuesday, February 8th, at 7p.m.
Admission Free.

THREE lectures on the "Outlook in Europe" will be given under the auspices of the Kensington Branch of the League of Nations Union by Dr. G. P. Gooch, at 5.30 p.m. on Tuesdays, the 8th, 15th and 22nd of February, in Kensington Town Hall. Tickets may be obtained from MISS CHARLESWORTH, Kensington High School, St. Alban's Road, W.8. Course 2s. 6d., single lectures 1s.; reduction for schools.

YOUTH House, 250 Camden Rd., N.W.1. Feb. 7 at 8 p.m., Rt. Rev. F. W. PIGOTT: RELIGIONS ANCIENT AND MODERN.

SEX EDUCATION SOCIETY. PROFESSOR J. C. FLUGEL will speak on "FETISHISM AND LOVE OBJECTS." Chairman: Dr. Norman Haire. At 8 p.m. on Tuesday, Feb. 8th, at Conway Hall, Red Lion Square. Members free, non-members 2s.

THE ETHICAL CHURCH, Queensway, Bayswater, W.2. Sunday, February 6th, at 11, J. F. GRIFFITHS: "WHAT CRUELTY TO CHILDREN CAN MEAN." 6.30, MRS. FLEMMING: "THE GROWTH AND TEACHING OF THE ETHICAL CHURCH."

SOUTH PLACE ETHICAL SOCIETY, Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, Holborn. Sunday, February 6th, at 11 a.m.: JOHN KATZ, B.A.: "THE CRISES OF OUR CIVILISATION." 6.30 p.m., Concert Chamber Music. Admission free. Visitors welcome.

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ANNIVERSARY of the Spanish Elections at the Kingsway Hall, London, W.C., Wednesday, 16th Feb., 7.45 p.m. Chairman: Rt. Hon. Lord Addison. Speakers: Rt. Hon. C. R. Attlee, M.P., Aneurin Bevan, M.P., Lord Faringdon, Dr. H. B. Morgan, Tom Williams, M.P. (all recently returned from Spain). London Labour Choral Union (conducted by Alan Bush) will sing Spanish songs. Admission Free. Some reserved seats. Apply: SPANISH MEDICAL AID COMMITTEE, 24 New Oxford Street, W.1.

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